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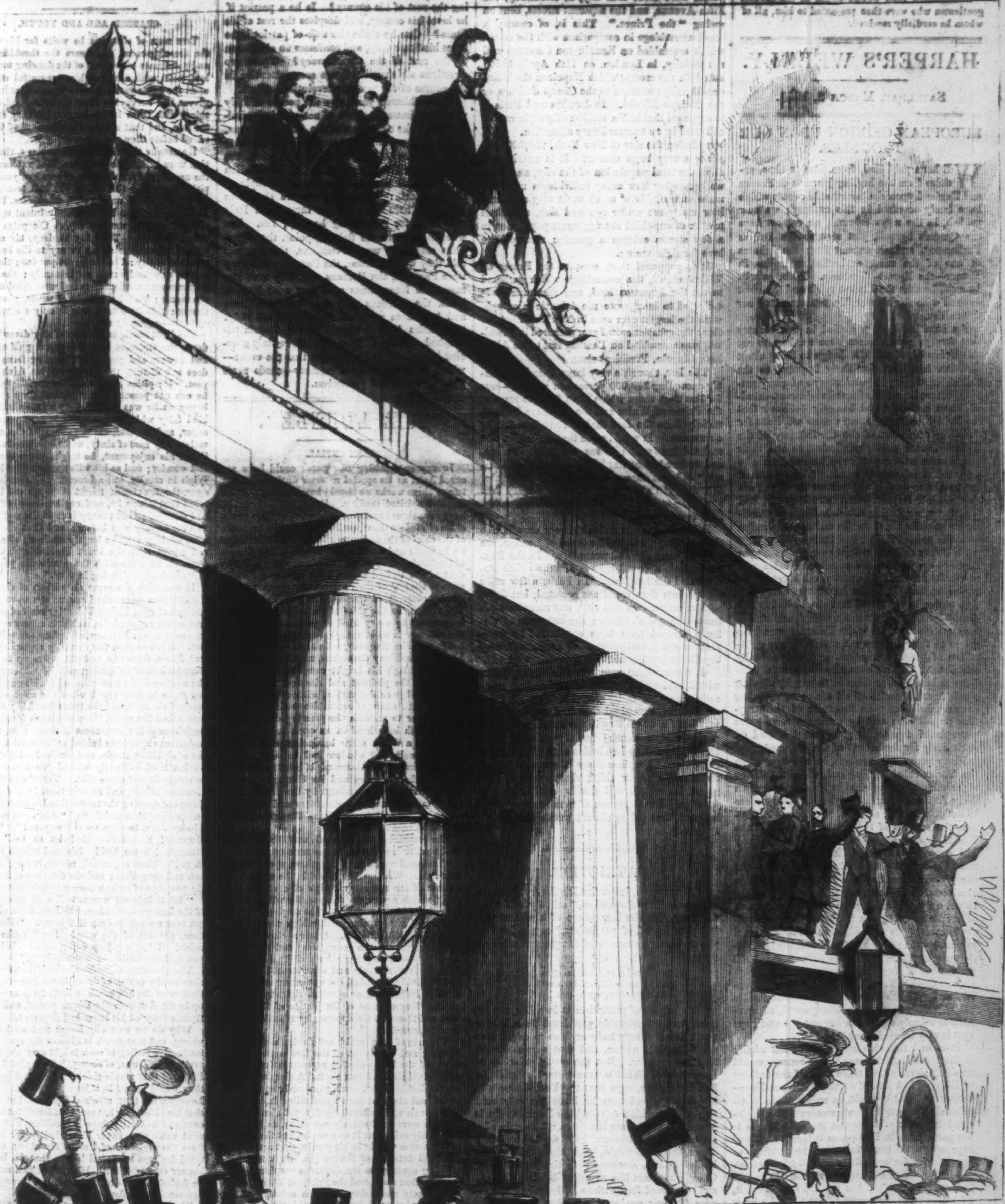


ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT ELECT, ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE BALCONY, FEBRUARY 19, 1861.—[See next Page.]

MR. LINCOLN AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect, arrived at New York on Tuesday, 19th, as announced in the programme of his journey. An enormous crowd lined the streets to gaze at him as he passed. When he reached the Astor House there must have been some five thousand people assembled at the door, and they soon gave audible evidence of their wish to hear the distinguished visitor. With his usual good nature, Mr. Lincoln stepped out of a window, in company with a member of the Common Council, and, standing on the balcony, addressed them as follows:

"Fellow-Citizens,—I have stepped before you merely in compliance with what appeared to be your wish, and with no purpose of making a speech. In fact, I do not propose making a speech this afternoon. I could not be heard by any but a very small fraction of you at best, but what is still worse than that is, that I have nothing just now to say worth your hearing. [Loud applause.] I beg you to believe that I do not now refuse to address you through any disposition to disoblige you, but the contrary. But at the same time I beg of you to excuse me for the present."

Mr. Lincoln then bowed again to the several gentlemen who were then presented to him, all of whom he cordially received.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 2, 1861.

EUROPEAN OPINION UPON OUR TROUBLES.

We have published, from time to time, articles from the leading journals of France and England upon the lamentable events which have lately occurred in this country; we now publish, in the news columns, an extract from the Queen's Speech, just sent to the British Parliament, and an extract from the debates of one of the most authoritative bodies in France—the French Academy. Both, as will be seen, breathe the kindest spirit and the most earnest wish for a peaceable settlement of our difficulties.

An idea has long prevailed in this country that foreign governments were anxious to see this Union dissolved. A design to bring about disunion has been familiarly imputed to the British aristocracy in particular; and many persons, otherwise well-informed and sound-minded, have seriously and honestly believed that the British House of Peers was so solicitous for the dismemberment of the Confederacy of the United States that their influence and their means were at the service of any traitors who proposed to effect this result. The events of the past few weeks—calamitous as they have been in other respects—have, at all events, had the effect of exploding this delusion, and teaching us sounder views on the attitude of foreign countries toward the United States.

No Power in Europe—not even excepting the Papacy—really desires to see the calm and successful career of this nation cut short by intestine broils. It is the interest of every foreign nation in the world that the United States should thrive, should remain united, and should increase steadily. For the United States have grown to their present magnitude by the cultivation of peace, commerce, and industry; by establishing with all countries commercial relations as beneficial to them as to us; by offering a safe home to exiles of all sorts; by relieving overcrowded European countries of their surplus population; and by setting a memorable example of a peaceful government carried on exclusively for the benefit of the governed.

Forty years ago, perhaps, in the days when the Tories ruled in England, when the divine right monarchy flourished in France, and when Holy Alliances met at Laybach and elsewhere to enforce popular submission to despotic theories, the success of the system pursued in the United States might have provoked jealousy and even opposition in Europe. But men's minds change a good deal in forty years. At the present time England is as democratic in sentiment as this country; France has established universal suffrage as the corner-stone of of her Empire; Russia is liberalizing her institutions; Italy is consolidating a constitutional monarchy on a popular basis; Germany is steadily growing more and more democratic. All the nations of Europe are treading in our footsteps. British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish journals, while taking sides pretty plainly in our domestic quarrel, all sympathize warmly with us in our trouble, and hope that it may be settled without war.

It is said that this sentiment is not wholly disinterested. A civil war in this country would no doubt derange our trade with all the nations of Europe, and put all of them to some inconvenience. But it would be unjustifiable to ascribe all the sympathy we receive to the interested impulses of European traders. Trade is not paramount in Europe, as it is here. Many expressions of good feeling have reached us from sources far beyond the control of the counting-house. The mercenary instinct has had its influence, no doubt; but beyond and above it, a friendly voice, proceeding from the open heart of our friends across the ocean, reaches us through such channels as the Queen's Speech, and teaches us a lesson of international good feeling and fraternity which ought not to be forgotten.

METROPOLITAN CROWDS.

If New York had no other claim to the rank of the metropolis of America, her crowds would establish her right to the title. In no other city in this country can a truly metropolitan crowd be gathered together. Large numbers of people occasionally assemble in other cities, and impede the thoroughfares; but a genuine crowd, numbering 50,000, 75,000, 100,000, or 150,000 individuals, all animated by the same purpose, all conscious of their responsibilities, and all keenly alive to their rights, is a sight which can only be seen in three cities in the civilized world—Paris, London, and New York.

The greatest crowd ever gathered together in the streets of New York was undoubtedly that which greeted the eye of the Prince of Wales on his arrival here. It is probable that 250,000 people were afoot that day, in Broadway, the Fifth Avenue, and the adjacent streets, bent on seeing "the Prince." This is, of course, a small assemblage in comparison with the crowd which assembled on Kennington Common and the vicinity, in London, on 11th April, 1848; and with the crowds which Napoleon the Third occasionally summons to the *Champ de Mars*, or the *Champs Elysées*. In London and Paris it is supposed that half a million of people can be collected by an extraordinary attraction. Still, considering the size of New York, 250,000 people is a very large muster. It is nearly one-third the total population of the city, and when we remember how many individuals must remain at work, how many must stay at home, how many are under age and sick, an actual muster of one-third the aggregate population in a few streets evinces a genuine metropolitan love for sight-seeing.

It is supposed that, next to the Prince of Wales' crowd, the assemblage which gathered to see the Japanese land, and that which was collected to inaugurate the Atlantic telegraph, were the largest ever seen in New York. After these the greatest crowd ever gathered in Broadway was assembled on Tuesday last to see Abraham Lincoln, President-elect.

The last, though a very large crowd—probably exceeding 100,000 persons in number—was far less than those which went forth to stare at the Prince of Wales and the Japanese Princes, mainly from the fact that it contained few or no women. It would seem that the ladies, who suffered martyrdom to see the British Prince, and endured some hardships to look at "Tommy," did not care about seeing Mr. Lincoln. Whether the absence of military display had any thing to do with the fact we will not undertake to decide.

It is gratifying to notice that our crowds, like those of Paris, and unlike those of London, are generally orderly and peaceable. In the British capital, a crowd always fills the police stations and the hospitals. In Paris, a few more pickpockets than usual are arrested, but fights seldom occur. In this city, our recent crowds have been quite orderly; the only acts of violence noticed have been committed by overzealous and brutal policemen; even the Bowery boys have latterly behaved themselves quietly.

A metropolitan crowd is intelligent, quick-witted, and though (outside of London) naturally peaceable, easily roused to fury. A Paris mob of three hundred thousand people will divert itself a whole day in the sunshine without a single blow struck; but if you once rouse them, they fall to barricades naturally, and nothing short of copious doses of grape will quiet them. We rather think that, as New York grows, its crowds will develop similar characteristics. Large masses of men are dangerous bodies. Our rulers should watch our crowds and study them.

PATRIOTISM.

"Patriotism," says the Dictionary, "is love of country." "Patriotism," said Dr. Johnson, the Tory, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." "A man devoid of patriotism," says a leading philosopher, "is capable of the greatest crimes." Sings Walter Scott:

> "Lives there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

This subject of patriotism is in a fair way of being more thoroughly ventilated than it ever was before. Every body appears to admit that patriotism is a virtue, and that a man should love his country. But the question arises at every corner—What is our country? Smith, in South Carolina, says that the United States is his country, and that he loves the stars and stripes; for which expression of opinion he is instantly exiled from the State under pain of a prosecution for treason. On the other hand, Jones, born in Georgia, but in the service of the United States, declares that the secession of Georgia requires him to resign his commission, and to proceed forthwith to Milledgeville to prepare for war against the United States; for which proceeding he is denounced at the North as devoid of patriotism, and by many as an absolute traitor. Jones protests that he is the purest kind of patriot, and that he will lay down his life for Georgia. The question seems to be—How much country must a man love to be a genuine patriot?

Smith says—You must love your whole country as represented by and included under the national flag. Jones says—No, it suffices to love your own State. Upon this Robinson starts up and says that, in his opinion, it is sufficient to love your own county. Brown is of opinion that he fulfills his duty by loving his town. And Thomson fiercely claims the title of patriot because he loves his native farm.

It is pretty clear that Thomson, at all events, is wrong. His patriotism is mere selfishness, and has no merit at all of a public nature. It is also clear that Smith is right—though it may be pretended by Jones and the others that he demands too much—when he claims the title of patriot for loving his whole country. The question is—Can a line be drawn between them? If a man is no patriot for merely loving his farm, is he a patriot for loving his town and neglecting the rest of his county? Is he a patriot if he loves his county, and despises the rest of his State? Can he claim the title of patriot if he loves his State only, and confesses no obligation to the rest of the Confederacy? These are questions which will engage some attention in the course of the pending revolution.

About thirteen years ago the people of Italy were unanimous in favor of national independence, and the overthrow of the Austrian power. Every Italian wanted the same thing. In those days Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, the only Italian Potentate who had both an Italian soul and an Italian army, said to the people of the peninsula: "Join me, and we shall free Italy." There were people throughout Italy who were for responding heartily, Yes. But when it came to the fighting-point, the Venetians said they were Venetians, the Tuscans said they were Tuscans, the Parmese said they were Parmese, the Romans said they were Romans, the Neapolitans said they were Neapolitans, the Sicilians said they were Sicilians: and lo! there were no Italians in all Italy. So Charles Albert's appeal failed, Austria triumphed, and for thirteen years more Italy groveled in chains. It would seem that the event—which is in every one's memory—sheds some light on the law of patriotism.

THE LOUNGER.

PRESIDENTIAL.

If any enterprising newspaper could have secured Ariel as its special reporter during the last two or three weeks we should have had some striking and spirited reading. For Mr. Ariel would have seen three great processions in the three great cities of modern times, each in honor of the progress of the chief of the nation to address the nation upon its intimate and important relations. The Queen of England, the Emperor of France, and the President of the United States have each marched in state to the seat of their several Governments.

The contrast of the marching is instructive. The Queen, as the chief of an aristocratic class, surrounded by every kind of pageantry, in which the military is most conspicuous, gives London a holiday. The Emperor, a General, and the wise head of a military despotism, marches to his Assembly through his bright camp of Paris. The President, the plainest and simplest of citizens, without badge or decoration, without a soldier or a drum, with a band of constables to clear the way, and another to restrain the pressing crowd, rides quietly with bare head in an open barouche, followed by a dozen other barouches, and saluted from sidewalk and window and balcony by the earnest sympathy of thousands of hearts and voices loyal to their country and its Government, and quickened to deep enthusiasm by the proud flag—the symbol of national greatness and renown—which floated at intervals down the long vista of the street.

The contrast of the spectacle was the difference of the political systems. Ours rests upon opinion, upon rational conviction: the others, upon the military arm. With us, the sword is the unsheathed defense of the necessary rights of every government, which represents the popular will lawfully expressed; in the others, it is the emphasis and argument of a governing will, which may or may not be that of the nation. Other systems presuppose two powers—the government and the people. In our system they are one; and the antagonism is between the people and discontented or rebellious individuals. And our system secures to each of those individuals an absolute right to persuade all the other citizens of the justice of their opinions, and therefore the opportunity of making them legally prevail.

The wit of man could not devise a plan more perfect; and the event of the last week was the entry of the lately-elected representative of that will into the city of New York. A simple, earnest, sincere-looking man, gazing curiously at the noble street and the vast crowd that filled it, he bowed at intervals with natural dignity, yet abstractedly, as if he were instinctively conscious, as he has so frequently said, that it was not he, but the majesty of the nation visible in his person, that aroused the profound interest of the people. It was a very striking contrast to the Japanese wonder and the pageant that welcomed the Prince of Wales. They were pretty spectacles, in which nobody had any particular interest; but the intent interest of every citizen of the country at this moment made the curiosity with which the new President was regarded significant and solemn. There was the same kind of hushed intensity of feeling as he passed which one may imagine in the crowds that watched Washington.

The Lounger, like his fellow-citizens, has seen more than one Presidential progress. He saw the acting-President Tyler as he drove through the streets of Boston to hear the oration of Daniel Webster at the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument: and before that he saw, with all New York, the entrance of President Van Buren as he passed up Broadway from the Battery—the occasion which is also memorable for the advent of Jenkins in New York journalism: for the town was favored next day with a description of the President's bedchamber and dressing-room. But neither of these scenes was of more than superficial interest. The entry of President Lincoln will be always memorable; for we were looking upon a man to whom greater and more trying duties have been intrusted than to any President since Washington: and all that he has said and done, all that is told of his life, certifies the deep sincerity of his words when he says that he relies for the just performance of those duties upon the favor of God and the support of the people.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

The man of sixty, as he waits for his wife in the dressing-room, and hears the throbbing beat and passionate movement of the dancing music below, looks with a half-sighing, regretful curiosity upon the eager youth around him, buttoning their gloves and surveying their neck-ties, and sympathizes with them in his heart, that they are born too late, and that all the high festival of life was ended before they arrived to enjoy it.

He recalls the dances of other days, the belles that were belles, the sweet tingle of excitement in the nerves, the fine delirium of love and youth, and pities those who think that the ball to-night can be what the ball was in '20, when Mrs. Ptolemy Philadelphus, who is now chiefly intent upon terrapin at supper, was the superb Cleopatra of universal homage. The play is done, his musing, melancholy glance seems to say to the impatient youth of to-day: The lamps are put out; they only smoke now and smell unpleasantly; the lovely partners are grandmothers and unmarried aunts in the corner; 'tis all a mistake of yours, young gentlemen: this isn't fun; this is only a carnival of spectres—a ghastly satire.

The light rustle and sweep of airy dress floating down the staircase into that warm gulf of music and flowers and gems and beaming faces below, does not disturb the fidelity of his faith in the past. He pities the whole; he disbelieves in it; he can not persuade himself that they are truly happy as he was happy, long ago. Could some kind fairy whisper that when he was young, and eager, and hopeful, there were also the musing, melancholy men of sixty, who disbelieved as heartily in his enjoyment, he might pause a moment and wonder; and as his wife appeared, no longer a sylph in muslin, but a brocaded, diamonded dowager, the conviction might slowly steal into his mind that it was he, and not human nature, that had changed; that twenty is as blithe and hopeful as ever twenty was before; and that the skepticism of sixty may be largely made up of a secret, sad regret that the heart kindled and the foot bounded no more with the passionate persuasion of "the dancers dancing in tune."

It was with the same skepticism of sixty that a gentleman whom the Lounger saw upon the late festival of good Bishop Valentine scolded as pretty and merry a group of school-girls as was ever seen. It was in a small village, and afternoon school was out. Not less than forty or fifty eager little faces and forms, from five and six years up to fifteen, were packed in a shouting, gabbling throng around the window of the post-office, all pushing and straining to be in front; and when the most energetic reached the spot, and the grave-faced boy of seventeen asked the name, there was such blushing forgetfulness of her own name in every case, that the impatient expectants behind all shouted it in chorus of childlike treble, and the bashful girl in the woolen hood evidently wished she had not been so energetic and successful. There was the most gleesome babble, and nobody thought of doing any thing but opening the tender missive upon the spot, and reading then and there. "Ain't you ashamed, Almiry Jane, to stop up the way so?" "Emma Hutchin! Emma Hutchin! let us up." "Oh! Hannah, it's too bad! It's real selfish to stand there!" Then a general, merry, wrangling hubbub and squeezing; and the delivery of letters for the purposes of trade was then and there suspended.

"What infernal nonsense!" said the neighbor of the Lounger—waiting, like him, for a chance to get near enough to drop in a letter. "Here, children, get out of the way! Don't make such a noise! What are you doing here? Why don't you go home and behave yourselves!"

The gleesome noise died before this rough exorcism as the cooing of doves in the sun stops in the shadow of the hawk. The little faces were turned up in timid doubt; the throng parted, and the gentleman dropped his letter and departed.

Why do we so easily forget that we have been young, and that youth is always the same? The instinctive feeling of each bright-eyed child in that pretty crowd was, of course, "How glad I am that I am not that man's child!" Yes, and how sorry they would have felt, if they had been as old as the Lounger, for that man's children! Let us hope that his oldest boy has sent that beautiful valentine over which Almiry Jane is blushing, and that his next vows that never Fate shall sever his heart from the clutchin' of Emma Hutchin; while his third declares in capital letters that *his* heart is a banner engraved with Hannah, which ne'er shall be furled in this dreary world, but through every hap continue to flap.

That would be poetic justice. Their pleasure should thus come out of his pocket, if not out of his heart.

SCOLDING.

To call a man a liar is not to prove him false: to denounce him as a traitor is not to establish his treason. The eloquence which consists of personal aspersion is a gun of which the recoil is much more fatal than the discharge; and since cursing is much easier than convincing, when a man begins the one you may be very sure that he despairs of the other.

But the fatal difficulty with wholesale personal vituperation is that its tendency is to compel men to your own course not by persuasion and conviction, which are the only honorable motives of conduct, but by the fear of abuse or the desire to avoid the expectoration of scurrility. Vituperation is akin to the skunk's argument. If you cross me, it says, I will make you smell as badly as I can. Vituperation presupposes infallibility. "I think," it says, "that the only way to avoid a terrible injustice is to do thus, and I think so honestly. You don't agree with me; you pretend to believe that it can be avoided in some other way. Pooh! you are dishonest, treacherous, weak, and time-serving. You are a traitor, a fool, a perjurer, a knave. You are a liar, a scoundrel, a thief, and a murderer."

What reply remains to the person so assailed but pity and contempt, and the silent appeal to the heart of mankind, which is just at last.

There is a plea which is sometimes made for this acrimonious personal criticism and aspersion of motives. It is this: "Here I am," says the orator, "in a community which looks to certain men as its examples, not to certain principles as its guides. Now I may talk till I drop about the duty of being just. Every body agrees abstractly, but goes on following the models who act unjustly. If then I say distinctly 'this model of yours is a mean, time-serving man, because, in my estimation, he does unjustly,' the followers are aroused by their personal interest and outraged sense of propriety to see just what it is I mean. If the idols of the young men are base, show and say that they are so, and their worship will corrupt the young men no more."

This is the plea, but it does not touch the case. It is not showing that the idol is base merely to say that it is so. It is necessary, first of all, to establish the dishonesty of the man; and when you have done that you do not need to blackguard him. The proof of his dishonesty is a sharper sting than lies in any word of yours. But to assume his dishonesty because he differs from you, and thereupon to pelt him with bad names, that is a folly and a fault which the universal instinct of men perceives and condemns. You may hold to your own faith never so sincerely, yet you do not believe a bit more honestly than the man who profoundly differs from you. If you will not allow that men may honestly differ, and that you owe to what seems to you honest error in another man precisely the same consideration that you claim from him for your own sincere faith, you are really a monomaniac. Moral despotism is equally hateful in a triple crown, a peaked hat, or a broad brim. We learn this truth slowly, but we learn it surely, thank God!

HISTORICAL GROUPING.

It was a memorable spectacle to those who saw it, the late admission of Father Lacordaire to the French Academy. Guizot, the last minister of the last king of the younger Bourbon branch in France, whose inflexibility hastened the revolution of '48, introducing to her seat of imperial honor the late Mademoiselle Montijo, now Empress of the French. Plon-Plon and his sister Mathilde representing the imperial blood. Lamoricière, the Pope's late General-in-Chief, and the republican chieftain of '48. Changarnier, the special friend of the President Louis Napoleon, not so special friend of his Imperial Majesty; and finally Lacordaire himself, a Dominican monk, chosen to the seat of De Tocqueville. What a group! What associations!

Obedient to the custom of the Academy, Lacordaire pronounces an oration upon the life and genius and works of the late member. The monk praises the sagacious Frenchman who knew the worth of the democratic principle. The stern old Huguenot Guizot compliments the courtly and eloquent Dominican. Nor is it surprising that the historian of modern civilization should have found in the very circumstances of the occasion a most pregnant illustration of the great theme of his studies. Civilization puts out one of its fairest flowers where two such men meet in the friendliest relation. And it is not yet three centuries since the massacre of St. Bartholomew!

In a grave and stately old age, Guizot lives on; a student still, and a spectator only of public affairs. The France he tried to govern he sees governed by Louis Napoleon. There are new men and new times around him; but he doubtless thinks the old times best, and the novelty but the fashion of an hour. Has the history of civilization taught him that the greatest and most successful governor is he who bases his government more and more upon political justice? It only needed the ex-prisoner of Ham at the Academy to have completed the picture. Would the Guizot of 1840 have believed that the adventurer of Boulogne could teach him the science of government? Would he probably allow that, of all the Louises of France, the present one is really *le grande monarque*?

NAUGHTY BOYS AT ALBANY.

If a score of school-boys had behaved themselves in school as the legislators of this State have behaved in the Capitol at Albany during the last week, they would all have been soundly spanked, and judicious parents and guardians would have responded an echoing "Amen" after every timely thwack. The child is clearly father of the man, for children *do* conduct themselves as the legislators have done about the reception of the President-elect.

The point seems to have been to stand upon dignity! But waiving the question of the possibility of our Legislature finding any such *pou sto*, what is dignity under such circumstances? In a case of mere ceremony, and entirely unprecedented, dignity is good-humor and common sense, and not the gratification of personal or partisan malice. In a system like ours, if we can not agree to differ we may as well abandon the experiment at first as at last. And it is just as true of little matters as of large. The point in the reception of the President-elect was, that he should be received at the capital by an official representative of the people of New York. Now both the Governor and the Legislature are such representatives, and whether the one or the other welcome the guest it is the people welcoming him through their officer.

The affair is long since passed; but every such event teaches the great truth of the popular principle, that there is no more wisdom, but only more convenience for specific purposes, in masses of men. The aggregate is never wiser than the wisest individual. The Legislature is no stronger than the strongest man in it; and when the couple of hundred men that compose it fall to foolish and bitter wrangling upon a point no-point, every school-boy in the State wonders at the immunity with which they offend decency and common sense, and longs for the time when he shall be old enough to have outgrown a good thrashing, while, by reason of ampler experience, he deserves it more than ever.

THE CENTRAL PARK COMMISSION.

All Loungers are particularly interested in the Central Park, and in all parks and gardens, and pleasant lounging places. We all know what the Park is—we all know what and who have made it; and we all know that, when a committee was appointed last year by the Legislature to investigate the charges against the management, the complaint was dismissed, and the complainers utterly discomfited.

It seems that there is a new proposition to tinker with it. Somebody has introduced a bill at Albany to have a new commission appointed. Why? Who asks for it? The people of the State last year, upon representation, ordered an inquiry. The inquiry was made. The people were satisfied that the Central Park was doing a great deal better than could be expected. What new facts have been developed? What new charges are alleged? It is peculiarly a subject of interest for the city. It is especially a matter with which private quarrels and political difference should have nothing to do; and every citizen ought to take care that the success of so great a work for his benefit should not be lightly periled.

It is one of the disadvantages of our political system, which although superior to any other is not utterly perfect, that the peaceful progress of great enterprises can be suddenly and rudely thwarted by political changes that can not possibly affect them, except as they supply opportunity of patronage. And in that view, it is fortunate that the political dominance in the Legislature will probably remain with the party under whose auspices the present commission was appointed, long enough to secure the virtual completion of the Park. It would be against all decency, and right, and common sense if the Legislature should begin to cobble the work which its committee have just reported to it needs no-cobbling, and which, in its present hands, is very sure not to be cobbled.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE VARIATION HUMBUG.

There is perhaps more Humbug talked, printed, and practiced in reference to Music than to any thing else in the world, except Politics. And of all the musical humbugs extant, the Variation Humbug is the greatest. This party has not even the sense to invent a tune for himself, but takes somebody else's, and starting therefrom, as an acrobat leaps from a spring-board, jumps himself into a musical reputation on the strength of the other party's ideas. What would be thought of a poet who should try to make himself renown by this kind of thing—taking a well-known poem of a predecessor's, and doing Variations on it after this fashion?

BUGGINS'S VARIATIONS ON THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the Little Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
That sparkles in a breezy bower,
And gives its sweetness to the shower,
Exhaling scent of gentle power,
That lasts on kerchief many an hour,
And is a lady's graceful dower
Endeared alike to cot and tower,
Round which the little Busy Bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
From every opening flower.

How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her whacks,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes, makes, makes,
When rising just as morning breaks,
The dew-drop from the leaf she shakes,
And oft the sleeping moth she wakes,
And diving through the flower she takes
The honey with her fairy rakes,
And in her cell the same she cakes,
Or sports across the silver lakes,
Besides her children, for whose sakes
How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do, do, do,
Things which thereafter they will rue,
When Justice fiercely doth pursue,
Or conscience raises Cry and Hue,
And evil-doers look quite blue,
When Peelers run with loud halloo,
And Magistrates put on the screw,
And then the wretch exclaims, Boo-hoo,
In works of labor or of skill
I wish I'd busied too,
For Satan's found much mischief still
For my two hands to do.

There! Would a Poet get much reputation for these Variations, which are much better in their way than most of those built upon tunes? Would the poetical critics come out, as the musical critics do, with "Upon Watts's marble foundation Buggins has raised a sparkling alabaster palace;" or, "The old-fashioned Watts has been brought into new honor by the *Excellant* Buggins;" or, "We love the old tune, but we have room in our hearts for the fairy-like fountains of bird-song which Buggins has bid start from it?" Buggins would have no such luck; the moral to be deduced from which fact is, that a Musical Prig is luckier than a Poetical Prig.

CHILDREN IN CRINOLINE.

It is an old saying, that the child is father of the man; and if this be so, we fancy it can hardly be less true that, when feminine, the child is mother of the woman. On this account we grieve to see the rage there is at present for dressing little girls in Crinoline on every state occasion, if indeed they are not so costumed in ordinary life. At a juvenile party where we lately danced attendance, we computed that the belle of the evening (aged four) was fully six times and a half as broad as she was long: and many of the other little ladies who were present were, in their magnitude of petticoat, almost equally as great. Now, if the love of a large flounce be implanted in a child, the chances are, we think, that it will grow with the child's growth, and will every year become increasingly developed. They who look, therefore, for Crinoline to be diminished and discarded can scarcely see much hope for this in seeing children wear it. On the contrary, the chances are, that when our little girls grow up they will be found far more extensive in their dress than were their mothers; and if their descendants increase in the like fashion there will really be no guessing how preposterous a petticoat will be displayed by our (with emphasis we may regard them as) *great* granddaughters.

DINNER AND TEA TRAITS.

You never hear one woman invite another woman out to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts melted and softened over the tea-cup, and that men's souls flew open to each other with the table-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several knives and forks to dig into a man's secret nature, whereas the simple key of the tea-caddy will unlock a woman's breast at any time.

The Naked Truth.—He who travels through life in the hope of jumping into the *chaussure* of another mostly goes on a bootless errand.

The Only Cure.—A Strong-minded Lady says that the only possible way of curing gentlemen of the filthy habit of smoking is for the ladies to enter into a solemn compact to adopt the same practice themselves. The gentlemen would then see how disgusting as well as senseless the custom was, and, out of their respect to decency, if not to reason, they would be compelled to abandon it. The lady in question (we are at liberty to state that she occupies a very high rank in the First Belgravian Blues) authorizes us to state that she does not mind being the first herself to set the noble example. She is perfectly ready and willing to immolate herself on the ashes of a cigar, or even a pipe, for the benefit of her suffering sisters. Any thing to shame the gentlemen out of their selfishness, and to ridicule them into a sense of the proper respect that ought to be paid to the Superior Sex. Other incense than that of tobacco-smoke, she maintains, is Lovely Woman's due!

FASHION FOR THE FIRE-PLACE.

We have seen a sweet thing in muslin for morning dress. It is a light and beautiful fabric, admirably adapted for expansion on the most extensive Crinoline. But the pattern of it is that which is so very pretty. It is figured all over with flames and little grotesque figures, constituting, in fact, a charming imitation of the vestment in which the Spanish Inquisition used to adorn the victims about to be sacrificed at an *auto da fé*. Indeed, in the vocabulary of fashion, this elegant and ladylike garment has been christened the "Samarra." The idea of it has been suggested by the numerous cases wherein ladies have lately been burned alive in consequence of their delightfully wide skirts catching fire.

WORSE AND WORSE.

What's the difference between a Man with a sore throat and a Manilla cheroot?—Why, the one is a Man ill, and the other's a Man iller.

[*Don't frown, reader, please. The cold weather has really frozen up our flow of wit, and this is the first symptom of its having begun to thaw.*]

TWO FEATURES ROLLED INTO ONE.

A City Gent, praising a lady for her beauty, said, in a burst of rapture, "Oh! she's got such a nasal eye!"

Every one was astonished, and upon questions being asked as to what a "nasal eye" was like, our friend pointed to a lady present, who, he said, had eyes something like his beauty in question. The truth then flashed out. It was "a hazel eye" the City Gent had meant to say. For the life of him, he could not see what there was to laugh at, because he had said a lady had "a nasal eye." He got quite angry and left the room, which was a great relief to every one present, as his absence enabled all the guests to join in one unanimous loud guffaw.

A Thought for Tears!—Innocence is like an umbrella—when once we have lost it, we must never hope to see it back again!

A Man Called out of his Name.—We can't conceive a greater misnomer than that of the Plaintiff in the great case of Paterson *vs.* Bonaparte now being tried in Paris.

To think of a man being called Pater-son, when the very question at issue is, whether he is to be allowed to be the lawfully-begotten *son* of his own *Pater*—and the chances are a hundred to one against it!

Inconvenient Horses!—Wealth has its sorrows as well as Poverty. We heard Dives, who has every thing he can wish for, complaining bitterly the other day. "I have a pair of most inconvenient horses," he said, lamenting. "They jib going up-hill, and bolt going down-hill!"

Well, we are, etc.—If you saw that dear boy Walter going to pull the trigger of his rifle, and you said so, what Shakspearian quotation would you use?—"Wat's in an aim."

[*Contributor discharged uncured.*

AT BREAKFAST.

Q. What is the Schleswig-Holstein question, Papa?

A. Well, my dear boy, I am pleased to see that you have an inquiring mind, and take notice of what is said in your presence, and I will endeavor to make you understand. Schleswig-Holstein is in Denmark—[illegible]t is, it is not exactly in Denmark, at least Schleswig [illegible] be called so, but not Holstein—no, it is Holstein tha[illegible] be considered Danish, or, if you like a long word [illegible]er, Scandinavian. Let me see, what did I say—Oh[illegible], Holstein is the German division of the territory, an[illegible]chleswig is an ancient fief (you know what a fief is) o[illegible] the Crown, and was ceded in 1816; that is to say, Holstein was ceded, not Schleswig. Holstein having been an ancient fief of Germany, and therefore you see Prussia takes an interest in the question, as part of the German Confederation; but Lord John Russell is only in the matter as a mutual friend, and he thinks that the proposals of Prussia—no, I mean Denmark, yes, of course Denmark, that concessions shall be made to Holstein—no, Holstein does not want concessions, but a veto (that is Latin for, I forbid) upon taxation and other things, and Schleswig to be allowed to speak German—well, Lord John thinks this fair, but the Prussian minister does not think that Prussia—at least Denmark, has any right to impose conditions of this sort, because there was a promise of a Constitution to Schleswig or Holstein, I forget which, but the principle is the same, and there are some other points mixed up with it which you might not be able to understand so easily as the simple outline of the case which I have given you. Pass my cup to your mamma.

THE WRONG MAN FOR THE WORK.

A Work is announced by Dr. Tick, called "Memory, and How to Aid it." The name is a bad one for a lecturer on Mnemonics—for, so far as we have seen, those who have had most to do with Tick are decidedly the people of shortest memory.

Revival of the Order of Flagellants.—The Yankees say, "the Britishers whip the rest of the world, and we whip the Britishers." Now *Punch* seems to "calkilate they're gwine to whip theirselves."

Chaos.—A woman putting your room to rights—just after you have been arranging every thing to your satisfaction, and elaborately assorting your papers with such methodical care that you could put your finger upon each separate one in the dark—that is what I call Chaos! Men are not more awkward in handling women's babies than women are in fingering men's papers. The mischief, and damage, and endless annoyance of spirit, and thorough disturbance of temper for the rest of the day, that are engendered by the latter practice surpasses all belief.—*A Confirmed Old Bachelor.*

An Odd Boot.—Italy has often been compared to a Boot; but what is still more odd, it is a Boot that is not without its Gaeta.

Never saw him Drunk.—A witness in a certain court, on being interrogated as to whether the defendant in a certain case was drunk, replied; "Well, I can't say that I have seen him drunk exactly; but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the door, making grabs in the air, saying that he'd be hanged if he didn't catch the bed the next time it ran past him."

The late Mr. Mathews used to tell a story of a gentleman who was as huge, though not so witty, as Falstaff. It was his custom, when he traveled, to book two places, and thus secure half the inside to himself. He one day sent his servant to book for Bath. The man returned with the following pleasing news: "Sir, I have booked you; there were not two places inside left, so I booked you one in and one out."

A celebrated geologist, member of the Academy of Sciences, was lately traveling in the South of France. On his return from a long pedestrian excursion, he could get nothing in the miserable inn where he lodged (it was the St. Charles of the village) but a meagre omelet, and that was overdosed with garlic.

"Great Heavens, Madam," said he to the hostess, "why did you put so much garlic in this omelet?"

"Good me, Sir, the eggs were so bad!"

The Time that Tries Men's Souls.—Winter.

Wanted to Patent.—The *filter* of misfortune, to separate true friends from the scum.

Duval, the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by one of whose ignorance he was well aware.

"I do not know," was his frank response.

"Do not know!" answered the intruder; "the Emperor pays you for knowing."

"The Emperor pays me for what *I know*," said Duval; "if he paid me for what I do *not* know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice."

Canon Stowell, in a speech, said that, when catechising his school-children, he asked the meaning of "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." For a time there was a pause, when at last the plaintive voice of a poor pale boy replied, "Licking them so as to make them angry."

Bores of Society.—There are two principal bores in society, from which all the little bores spring: viz., there is big bore No. 1—the man who knows too much; and bore No. 2—the man who knows too little. Both are desperate bores.

Coventry Patmore, in his new poem, gives the following advice:

"So let no man, in desperate mood,
Wed a dull girl because she's good."

To which one might add:

"And let no woman, in her plight,
Wed a bad man because he's bright."

A young lawyer wrote to an old limb of the law, which read thus: "Is there an opening in your part of the country which I can get into?"—Answer: "There is an opening in my back yard about thirty feet deep, no curb around it. If it will suit, come on."

A "settler" in Australia was taken before a justice very drunk, and instead of answering the questions put to him, he persistently spluttered out—"Your Honor is very—wise—y-y-our Honor is very wise." Being unable to get any other answer, the justice ordered him to be locked up till next day, when he was again brought up.

"Why, John," said the justice, you were as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions the only answer you made me was—'Your Honor's very wise.'"

"Did I say so?" quoth the defendant. "Then I must have been drunk indeed."

To rob a man of his money is to wound him in *the chest.*

A farmer's family and friends are shocked by his laziness; his wheat and barley by his industry.

THE TOILET OF BEAUTY,

Without whose aid no lady can be dressed with propriety and gracefulness:

Otto of Rose, warranted to retain its fragrance in all climates—Virtue.
Beautifying Lotions—Tenderness and constancy.
Best Lip-salve—Smile of benevolence.
Elixir to preserve Memory—Gratitude.
Cream of Sweet Almonds—Kindness and good-nature.
Sal Volatile—Wit.
Cold Cream—Prudence.
Pomade Divine—Contentment.
Essence of Jessamine, apt to evaporate, therefore to be kept close—Friendship.
A Lotion to prevent Wrinkles—Cheerfulness.
Best Court or Sticking Plaster—Faithfulness.
Simple Anodynes—Patience and Industry.
Best Patent Pins—Repartee.
Fine White Paint—Innocence.
Wash-ball for preserving white Hands—Purity.
Dye for Eyebrows—Contemplation.
Best Rouge—Modesty.
Crystal Vase—Truth.
A Mirror—Reflection.
Fine Eye-water—Sensibility.
Essence of Roses, Poison, to be used with caution—Love.
An excellent Bloom to preserve the Complexion—Early-rising.
Drops to remove all Stains—Honor and Rectitude.
Essence of Violet—Humility.
Drops to prevent Ennui—Employment.
Baume de Vie—Religion.

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a man to his son one morning.

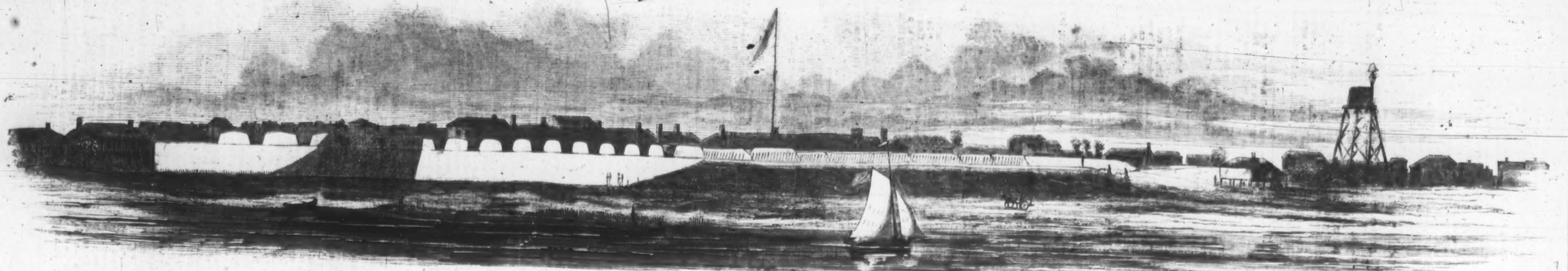
"So I did," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's finger ran through the offspring's curls.

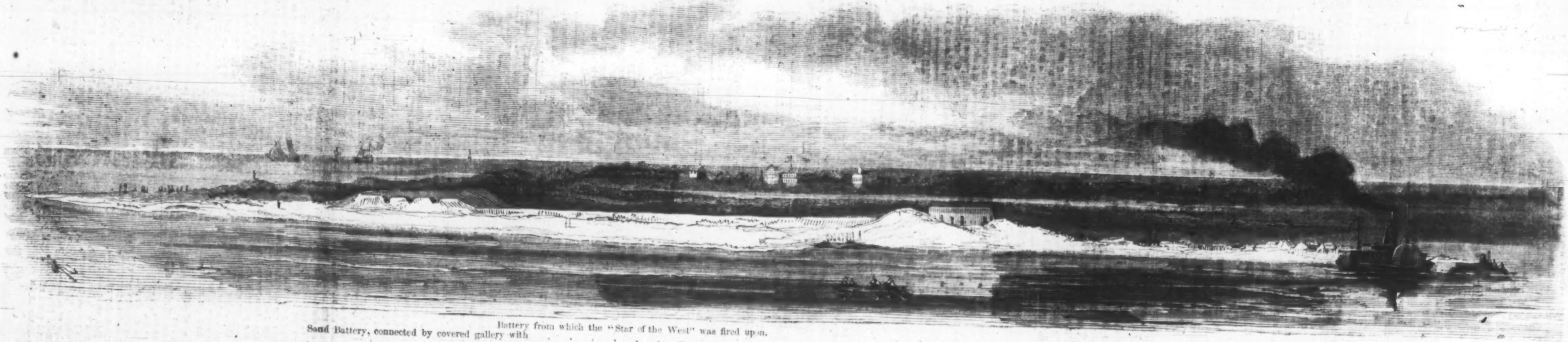
"Why, I wolloped Jack Edwards till he yelled. You should just have heard him hollor, dad."

The father looked unhappy, while he explained to him that the precept did not apply to an act like that.

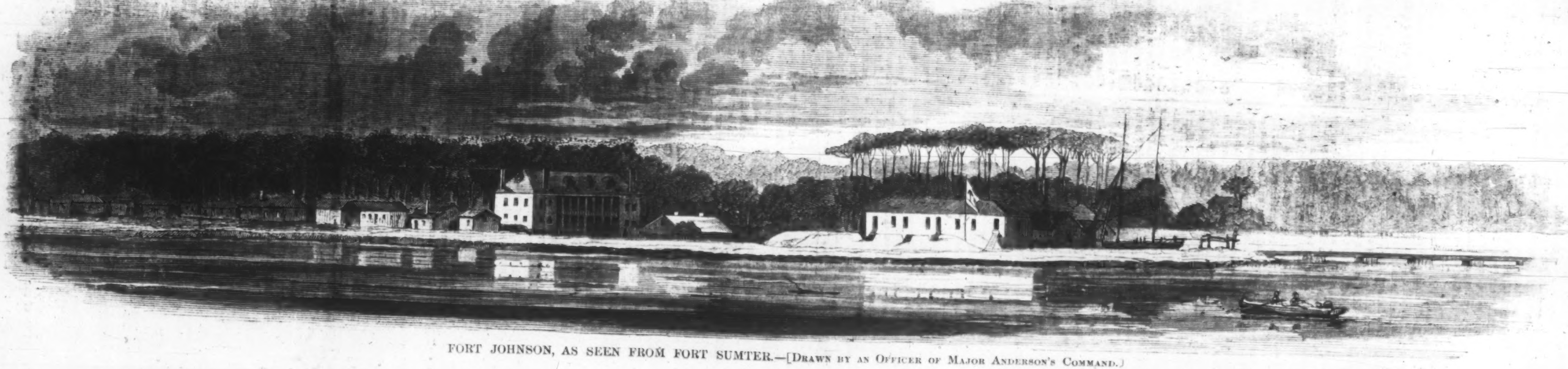
A young gent recently regaled the ears of his "bright particular" with a somewhat protracted serenade, at the close of which the chamber window opened, and a small white package descended therefrom. The enamored youth instantly secured the precious missive, and retired to a place of safety, and with a trembling hand proceeded to unfold—a night-cap and a spoon!



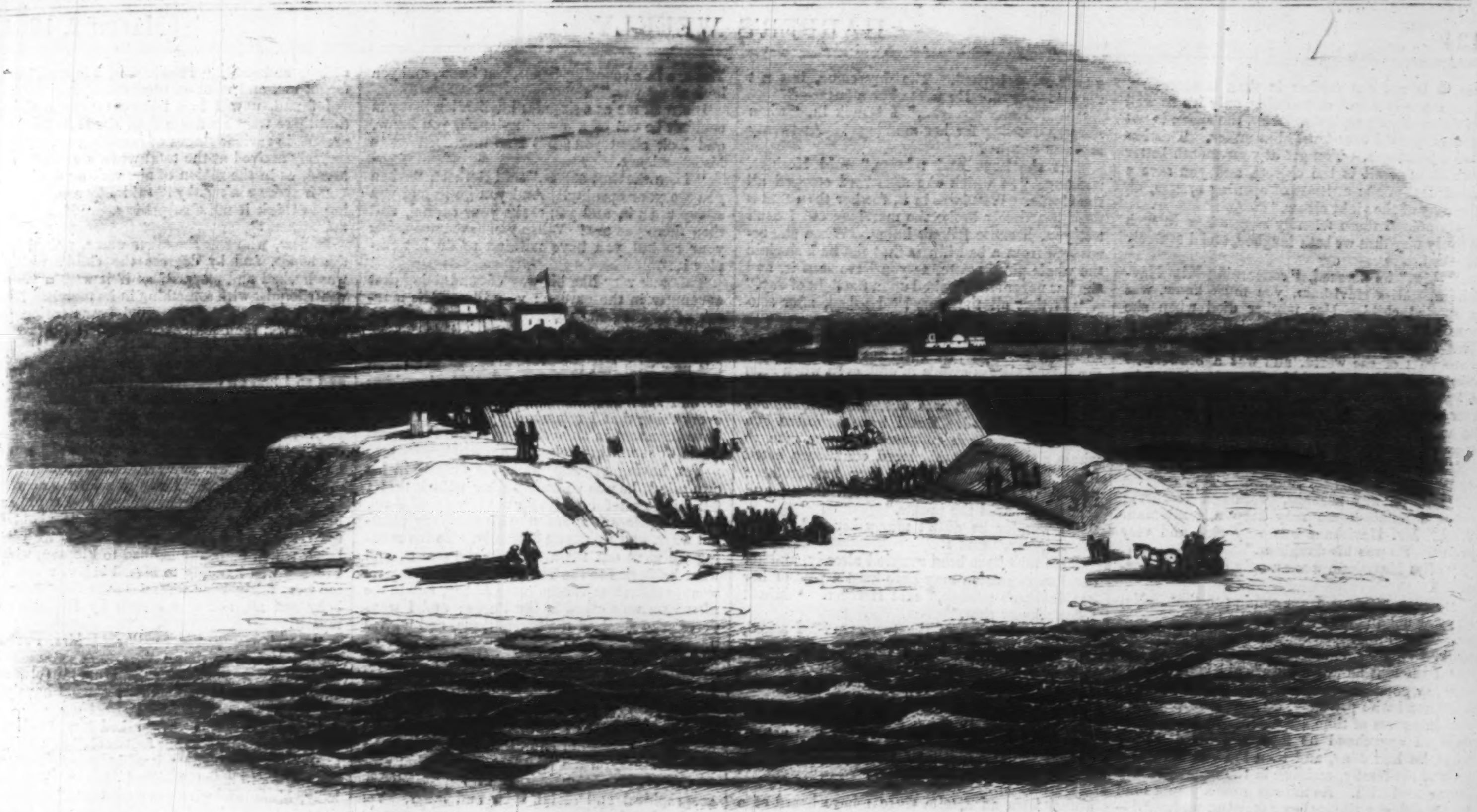
FORT MOULTRIE, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[Drawn by an Officer of Major Anderson's Command.]


Sand Battery, connected by covered gallery with
Battery from which the "Star of the West" was fired upon.
Iron-clad Battery.
Cumming's Point.

MORRIS ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[Drawn by an Officer of Major Anderson's Command.]



FORT JOHNSON, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[Drawn by an Officer of Major Anderson's Command.]



THE IRON-CLAD BATTERY ON CUMMING'S POINT, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BATTERIES.

WE publish herewith, from drawings kindly sent us by an officer of Major Anderson's command at Fort Sumter, views of the batteries which the South Carolina troops have raised on Sullivan's Island and other points in the Bay of Charleston, in order to attack Fort Sumter. They need no description. We would, however, draw attention to the view of the iron-clad battery on Cumming's Point. This battery is faced with bars of railroad iron placed side by side, so as to form a complete coat of mail. Whether it will answer the purpose or not remains to be seen. Some officers of engineers and artillery, who have studied it, seem to think that after a few shots the iron will splinter, and that it will add infinitely to the dangers of the garrison of the battery.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn until we both burst out laughing. "The idea of its being you!" said he. "The idea of its being *you!*" said I. And then we contemplated one another afresh, and laughed again. "Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good-humoredly, "it's all over now, I hope, and it will be magnanimous in you if you'll forgive me for having knocked you about so."

I derived from this speech that Mr. Herbert Pocket (for Herbert was the pale young gentleman's name) still rather confounded his intention with his execution. But I made a modest reply, and we shook hands warmly.

"You hadn't come into your good fortune at that time?" said Herbert Pocket.

"No," said I.

"No," he acquiesced: "I heard it had happened very lately. *I* was rather on the look-out for good fortune then."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn't—at all events, she didn't."

I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

"Bad taste," said Herbert, laughing, "but a fact. Yes, she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been what-you-may-called it to Estella."

"What's that?" I asked, with sudden gravity.

He was arranging his fruit in plates while we talked, which divided his attention, and was the cause of his having made this lapse of a word. "Affianced," he explained, still busy with the fruit, "Betrothed. Engaged. What's-his-named. Any word of that sort."

"How did you bear your disappointment?" I asked.

"Pooh!" said he, "I didn't care much for it. *She's* a Tartar."

"Miss Havisham?" I suggested.

"I don't say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl's hard and haughty and capricious to the last degree, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to wreak revenge on all the male sex."

"What relation is she to Miss Havisham?"

"None," said he. "Only adopted."

"Why should she wreak revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?"

"Lord, Mr. Pip!" said he. "Don't you know?"

"No," said I.

"Dear me! It's quite a story, and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now let me take the liberty of asking you a question. How did you come there that day?"

I told him, and he was attentive until I had finished, and then burst out laughing again, and asked me if I was sore afterward? I didn't ask him if *he* was, for my conviction on that point was perfectly established.

"Mr. Jaggers is your guardian, I understand?" he went on.

"Yes."

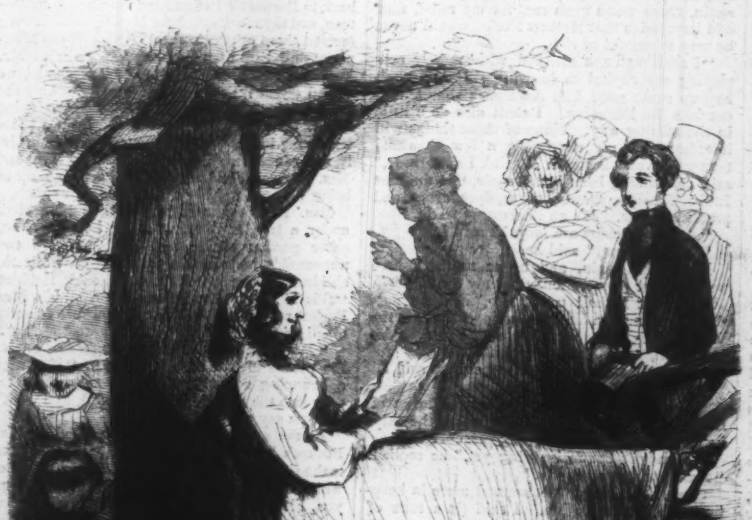
"You know he is Miss Havisham's man of business and solicitor, and has her confidence when nobody else has?"

This was bringing me (I felt) toward dangerous ground. I answered with a constraint I made no attempt to disguise, that I had seen Mr. Jaggers in Miss Havisham's house on the very day of our combat, but never at any other time, and that I believed he had no recollection of having ever seen me there.

"He was so obliging as to suggest my father for your tutor, and he called on my father to propose it. Of course he knew about my father from his connection with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's nephew; not that that implies familiar intercourse between them, for he is a bad courtier and will not propitiate her."

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one since, who so strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do any thing secret or mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. I became imbued with the notion on that first occasion before we sat down to dinner, but I can not define by what means.

He was still a pale young gentleman, and had a certain conquered languor about him in the midst of his spirits and briskness that did not seem indicative of natural strength. He had not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome: being extremely amiable and cheerful. His figure was a little ungainly, as in the days when my knuckles had taken such liberties with it; but it looked as if it would always be light and young. Whether Mr. Trabb's local work would have sat more gracefully on him than on me, may be a question; but I am conscious that he carried off his rather old clothes much better than I carried off my new suit.



"I HOPE YOUR MAMMA IS QUITE WELL!"

As he was so communicative, I felt that reserve on my part would be a bad return, unsuited to our years. I therefore told him my small story, and laid stress on my being forbidden to inquire who my benefactor was. I further mentioned that as I had been brought up a blacksmith in a country place, and knew very little of the ways of politeness, I would take it as a great kindness in him if he would give me a hint whenever he saw me at a loss or going wrong.

"With pleasure," said he, "though I venture to prophesy that you'll want very few hints. I dare say we shall be often together, and I should like to banish any needless restraint between us. Will you do me the favor to begin at once to call me by my Christian name, Herbert?"

I thanked him, and said I would. I informed him in exchange that my Christian name was Philip.

"I don't take to Philip," said he, smiling, "for it sounds like a moral boy out of the spelling-book, who was so lazy that he fell into a pond, or so fat that he couldn't see out of his eyes, or so avaricious that he locked up his cake till the mice ate it, or so determined to go birds'-nesting that he got himself eaten by bears who lived handy in the neighborhood. I tell you what I should like. We are so harmonious, and you have been a blacksmith—would you mind it?"

"I shouldn't mind any thing that you propose," I answered; "but I don't understand you."

"Would you mind Handel for a familiar name? There's a charming piece of music by Handel, called the Harmonious Blacksmith."

"I should like it very much."

"Then, my dear Handel," said he, turning round as the door opened, "here is the dinner, and I must beg of you to take the top of the table, because the dinner is of your providing."

This I would not hear of, so he took the top, and I faced him. It was a nice little dinner—seemed to me then a very Lord Mayor's Feast—and it acquired additional relish from being eaten under those independent circumstances, with no old people by, and with London all around us. This again was heightened by a certain gipsy character that set the banquet off: for while the table was, as Mr. Pumblechook might have said, the lap of luxury—being entirely furnished forth from the coffee-house—the circumjacent region of sitting-room was of a comparatively pastureless and shifty character: imposing on the waiter the wandering habits of putting the covers on the floor (where he fell over them), the melted butter in the arm-chair, the bread on the book-shelves, the cheese in the coal-scuttle, and the boiled fowl into my bed in the next room—where I found much of its parsley and butter in a state of congelation when I retired for the night. All this made the feast delightful, and when the waiter was not there to watch me my pleasure was without alloy.

When we had made some progress in the dinner I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

"True," he replied. "I'll redeem it at once. Let me introduce the topic, Handel, by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth—for fear of accidents—and that while the fork is reserved for that use, it is not put further in than is necessary. It is scarcely worth mentioning, only it's as well to do as other people do. Also, the spoon is not generally used over-hand, but under. This has two advantages. You get at your mouth better (which after all is the object), and you save a good deal of the attitude of opening oysters, on the part of the right elbow."

He offered these friendly suggestions in such a lively way that we both laughed, and I scarcely blushed.

"Now," he pursued, "concerning Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham, you must know, was a spoiled child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her nothing. Her father was a country gentleman down in your part of the world, and was a brewer. I don't know why it should be a crack thing to be a brewer; but it is indisputable that while you can not possibly be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew. You see it every day."

"Yet a gentleman may not keep a public-house; may he?" said I.

"Not on any account," returned Herbert; "but a public-house may keep a gentleman. Well! Mr. Havisham was very rich and very proud. So was his daughter."

"Miss Havisham was an only child?" I hazarded.

"Stop a moment, I am coming to that. No, she was not an only child; she had a half-brother. Her father privately married again—his cook, I rather think."

"I thought he was proud," said I.

"My good Handel, so he was. He married his second wife privately, because he was proud, and in course of time *she* died. When she was dead, I apprehend he first told his daughter what he had done, and then the son became a part of the family, residing in the house you are acquainted with. As the son grew a young man he turned out riotous, extravagant, undutiful—altogether bad. At last his father disinherited him; but he softened when he was dying, and left him well off, though not nearly so well off as Miss Havisham. Take another glass of wine, and excuse my mentioning that society as a body does not expect one to be so strictly conscientious in emptying one's glass as to turn it bottom upward with the rim on one's nose."

I had been doing this, in an excess of attention to his recital. I thanked him and apologized. He said, "Not at all," and resumed.

"Miss Havisham was now an heiress, and you may suppose was looked after as a great match. Her half-brother had now ample means again, but what with debts and what with new madness wasted them most fearfully again. There were stronger differences between him and her than there had been between him and his father, and it is suspected that he cherished a deep and mortal grudge against her, as having influenced the father's anger. Now I come to the cruel part of the story—merely breaking off, my dear Handel, to remark that a dinner-napkin will not go into a tumbler."

Why I was trying to pack mine into my tumbler I am wholly unable to say. I only know that I found myself, with a perseverance worthy of a much better cause, making the most strenuous exertions to compress it within those limits. Again I thanked him and apologized, and again he said, in the cheerfulest manner, "Not at all, I am sure!" and resumed.

"There appeared upon the scene—say at the races, or the public balls, or any where else you like—a certain man, who made love to Miss Havisham. I never saw him, for this happened five-and-twenty years ago, before you and I were, Handel, but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy-man, and the kind of man for the purpose. But that he was not to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman, my father most strongly asseverates; because it is a principle of his that no man who was not a true gentleman at heart ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. He says no varnish can hide the grain of the wood; and the more varnish you put on the more the grain will express itself. Well! This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her. I believe she had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all she possessed certainly came out then, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. He practiced on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham's councils, and she was too haughty and too much in love to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor and scheming, with the exception of my father; he was poor enough, but not time-serving or jealous. The only independent one among them, he warned her that she was doing too much for this man, and was placing herself too unreservedly in his power. She took the first opportunity of angrily ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never seen her since."

I thought of her having said, "Matthew will come and see me at last when I am laid dead upon that table;" and I asked Herbert whether his father was so inveterate against her?

"It's not that," said he, "but she charged him before her intended husband with being disappointed in the hope of fawning upon her for his own advancement, and, if he were to go to her now, it would look true—even to him—and even to her after all. To return to the man, and make an end of him. The marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned out, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote her a letter—"

"Which she received," I struck in, "when she was dressing for her marriage? At twenty minutes to nine?"

"At the hour and minute," said Herbert, nodding, "at which she afterward stopped all the clocks. What was in it, further than that it most heartlessly broke the marriage off, I can't tell you, because I don't know. When she recovered from a bad illness that she had, she laid the whole place waste, as you have seen it, and she has never since looked upon the light of day."

"Is that all the story?" I asked, after considering it.

"All I know of it; and indeed I only know so much through piecing it out for myself; for my father always avoids it, and, even when Miss Havisham invited me to go there, told me no more of it than it was absolutely requisite I should understand. But I have forgotten one thing. It has been supposed that the man to whom she gave her misplaced confidence acted throughout in concert with her half-brother; that it was a conspiracy between them; and that they shared the profits."

"I wonder he didn't marry her and get all the property," said I.

"He may have been married already, and her cruel mortification may have been a part of her half-brother's scheme," said Herbert. "Mind! I don't know that."

"What became of the two men?" I asked, after again considering the subject.

"They fell into deeper shame and degradation—if there can be deeper—and ruin."

"Are they alive now?"

"I don't know."

"You said just now that Estella was not related to Miss Havisham, but adopted. When adopted?"

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. "There has always been an Estella since I have heard of a Miss Havisham. I know no more. And now, Handel," said he, finally throwing off the story, as it were, "there is a perfectly open understanding between us. All that I know about Miss Havisham you know."

"And all that I know," I retorted, "you know."

"I fully believe it. So there can be no competition or perplexity between you and me. And as to the condition on which you hold your advancement in life—namely, that you are not to inquire or discuss to whom you owe it—you may be very sure that it will never be encroached upon, or even approached by me, or by any one belonging to me."

In truth, he said this with so much delicacy, that I felt the subject done with, even though I should be under his father's roof for years and years to come. Yet he said it with so much meaning, too, that I felt he as perfectly understood Miss Havisham to be my benefactress as I understood the fact myself.

It had not occurred to me before that he had led up to the theme for the purpose of clearing it out of our way; but we were so much the lighter and easier for having broached it, that I now perceived this to be the case. We were very gay and sociable, and I asked him, in the course of conversation, what he was? He replied, "A capitalist—an Insurer of Ships." I suppose he saw me glancing about the room in search of some tokens of Shipping, or capital, for he added, "In the City."

I had grand ideas of the wealth and importance of Insurers of Ships in the City, and I began to think with awe of having laid a young Insurer on his back, blackened his enterprising eye, and cut his responsible head open. But, again, there came upon me, for my relief, that odd impression that Herbert Pocket would never be very successful or rich.

"I shall not rest satisfied with merely employing my capital in insuring ships. I shall buy up some good Life Assurance shares, and cut into the Direction. I shall also do a little in the mining way. None of these things will interfere with my chartering a few thousand tons on my own account. I think I shall trade," said he, leaning back in his chair, "to the East Indies, for silks, shawls, spices, dyes, drugs, and precious woods. It's an interesting trade."

"And the profits are large?" said I.

"Tremendous!" said he.

I wavered again, and began to think here were greater expectations than my own.

"I think I shall trade, also," said he, putting his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, "to the West Indies, for sugar, tobacco, and rum. Also to Ceylon, specially for elephants' tusks."

"You will want a good many ships," said I.

"A perfect fleet," said he.

Quite overpowered by the magnificence of these transactions, I asked him where the ships he insured mostly traded to at present?

"I haven't begun insuring yet," he replied. "I am looking about me."

Somehow, that pursuit seemed more in keeping with Barnard's Inn. I said (in a tone of conviction), "Ah-h!"

"Yes. I am in a counting-house, and looking about me."

"Is a counting-house profitable?" I asked.

"To—do you mean to the young fellow who's in it?" he asked, in reply.

"Yes; to you."

"Why, n-no: not to me." He said this with the air of one carefully reckoning up and striking a balance. "Not directly profitable. That is, it doesn't pay me any thing, and I have to—keep myself."

This certainly had not a profitable appearance, and I shook my head as if I would imply that it would be difficult to lay by much accumulative capital from such a source of income.

"But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. *That's* the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you."

It struck me as a singular implication that you couldn't be out of a counting-house, you know, and look about you; but I silently deferred to his experience.

"Then the time comes," said Herbert, "when you see your opening. And you go in and you swoop upon it, and you make your capital, and then there you are! When you have once made your capital, you have nothing to do but employ it!"

This was very like his way of conducting that encounter in the garden; very like. His manner of bearing his poverty, too, exactly corresponded to his manner of bearing that defeat. It seemed to me that he took all blows and buffets now with just the same air as he had taken mine then. It was evident that he had nothing around him but the simplest necessaries, for every thing that I remarked upon turned out to have been sent in on my account from the coffee-house or somewhere else.

Yet, having already made his fortune in his own mind, he was so unassuming with it that I felt quite grateful to him for not being puffed up. It was a pleasant addition to his naturally pleasant ways, and we got on famously. In the evening we went out for a walk in the streets, and went half-price to the Theatre; and next day we went to church at Westminster Abbey, and in the afternoon we walked in the Parks; and I wondered who shod all the horses there, and wished Joe did.

On a moderate computation, it was many months, that Sunday, since I had left Joe and Biddy. The space interposed between myself and them partook of that expansion, and our marshes were any distance off. That I could have been at our old church in my old church-going clothes, on the very last Sunday that ever was, seemed a combination of impossibilities, geographical and social, solar and lunar. Yet in the London streets so crowded with people and so brilliantly lighted in the dusk of evening, there were depressing hints of reproaches for that I had put the poor old kitchen at home so far away; and in the dead of night, the footsteps of some incapable impostor of a porter mooning about Barnard's Inn, under pretense of watching it, fell hollow on my heart.

On the Monday morning at a quarter before nine, Herbert went to the counting-house to report himself—to look about him, too, I suppose—and I bore him company. He was to come away in an hour or two to attend me to Hammersmith, and I was to wait about for him. It appeared to me that the eggs from which young Insurers were hatched were incubated in dust and heat, like the eggs of ostriches, judging from the places to which those incipient giants repaired on a Monday morning. Nor did the counting-house where Herbert assisted show in my eyes as at all a good Observatory; being a back second floor up a yard, of a grimy presence in all particulars, and with a look into another back second floor rather than a look out.

I waited about until it was noon, and I went upon 'Change, and I saw fluey men sitting there under the bills about shipping, whom I took to be great merchants, though I couldn't understand why they should all be out of spirits. When Herbert came, we went and had lunch at a celebrated house which I then quite venerated, but now believe to have been the most abject superstition in Europe, and where I could not help noticing, even then, that there was much more gravy on the table-cloths and knives and waiters' clothes than in the steaks. This collation disposed of at a moderate price (considering the grease, which was not charged for), we went back to Barnard's Inn and got my little portmanteau, and then took coach for Hammersmith. We arrived there at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and had very little way to walk to Mr. Pocket's house. Lifting the latch of a gate, we passed direct into a little garden overlooking the river, where Mr. Pocket's children were playing about. And unless I deceive myself on a point where my interests or prepossessions are certainly not concerned, I saw at once that Mr. and Mrs. Pocket's children were not growing up or being brought up, but were tumbling up.

Mrs. Pocket was sitting on a garden chair under a tree, reading, with her legs upon another garden chair; and Mrs. Pocket's two nursemaids were looking about them while the children played. "Mamma," said Herbert, "this is young Mr. Pip." Upon which Mrs. Pocket received me with an appearance of amiable dignity, and I thought her a sweet woman.

"Master Alick and Miss Jane," cried one of the nurses to two of the children, "if you go a bouncing up against them bushes you'll fall over into the river and be drownded, and what'll your pa say then!"

At the same time this nurse picked up Mrs. Pocket's handkerchief, and said, "If that don't make six times you've dropped it, Mum!" Upon which Mrs. Pocket laughed, and said, "Thank you, Flopson;" and settling herself in one chair only, resumed her book. Her countenance immediately assumed a knitted and intent expression, as if she had been reading for a week; but before she could have read half a dozen lines she fixed her eyes upon me, and said, "I hope your mamma is quite well?" This unexpected inquiry put me into such a difficulty that I began saying in the absurdest way that if there had been any such person I had no doubt she would have been quite well, and would have been very much obliged, and would have sent her compliments, when the nurse came to my rescue.

"Well!" she cried, picking up the pocket-handkerchief, "if that don't make seven times! What ARE you a doing of this afternoon, Mum?" Mrs. Pocket received her property at first with a look of unutterable surprise, as if she had never seen it before, and then with a laugh of recognition, and said, "Thank you, Flopson," and forgot me, and went on reading.

I found, now I had leisure to count them, that there were no fewer than six little Pockets present in various stages of tumbling up. I had scarcely arrived at the total when a seventh was heard, as in the region of air, wailing dolefully.

"If there ain't Baby!" said Flopson, appearing to think it most surprising. "Make haste up, Millers!"

Millers, who was the other nurse, retired into the house, and by degrees the child's wailing was hushed and stopped, as if it were a young ventriloquist with something in its mouth. Mrs. Pocket read all the time, and I was curious to know what the book could be.

We were waiting, I supposed, for Mr. Pocket to come out to us; at any rate we waited there, and so I had an opportunity of observing the remarkable family phenomenon that whenever any of the children strayed near Mrs. Pocket in their play, they always tripped themselves up and tumbled over her—always very much to her momentary astonishment and their own more enduring lamentation. I was at a loss to account for this surprising circumstance, and could not help giving my mind to speculations about it, until by-and-by Millers came down with the baby, which baby was handed to Flopson, which Flopson was handing to Mrs. Pocket, when she too went fairly head-foremost over Mrs. Pocket, baby and all, and was caught by Herbert and myself.

"Gracious me, Flopson!" said Mrs. Pocket, "every body's tumbling!"

"Gracious you, indeed, Mum!" returned Flopson, very red in the face; "what have you got there?"

"*I* got here, Flopson?" asked Mrs. Pocket.

"Why, if it ain't your footstool!" cried Flopson. "And if you keep it under your skirts like that, who's to help tumbling! Here! Take the baby, Mum, and give me your book."

Mrs. Pocket acted on the advice, and danced the infant a little in her lap, while the other children played about it prettily. This had lasted but a very short time, when Mrs. Pocket issued summary orders that they were all to be taken into the house for a nap. Thus I made the second discovery on that first occasion, that the nurture of the little Pockets consisted of alternately tumbling up and lying down.

Under these circumstances, when Flopson and Millers had got the children into the house like a little flock of sheep, and Mr. Pocket came out of it to make my acquaintance, I was not much surprised to find that Mr. Pocket was a gentleman with a rather perplexed expression of face, and with his hair disordered on his head, as if he didn't quite see his way to putting any thing straight.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Saturday, February 16, in the Senate, the Conference Committee on the Deficiency Bill reported that the Chiriqui appropriation had been stricken out. Discussion ensued on the Dacotah and Nevada Territorial Bills; then the Tariff was taken up. Senator Seward moved to strike out all relating to the warehousing system: agreed to by 25 to 18.—In the House, the Senate Bill to carry into effect the treaties with Granada and Costa Rica was carried. During the evening session speeches on the crisis were made by Messrs. Somes, Burnham, and Waldron.

On Monday, 18th, in the Senate, an effort was made by Senator Seward to procure a reduction of the proposed duty on books, but it was unsuccessful. The principal debate was on the proposition of the Special Committee to lessen the duty on sugar, and place a duty of four cents per pound on tea and a half cent on coffee, which was adopted, 23 to 19. Previous to taking up the Tariff Bill, a resolution from the Committee on Claims, to repeal the joint resolution in favor of William H. Degroot, was adopted. This probably finally disposes of the famous Degroot claim.—In the House, a bill was reported from the Committee on Commerce, and referred to the Committee of the Whole, making an appropriation for a survey of the Northern Pacific regions, with a view to ascertaining the practicability of establishing telegraphic communication with Asia. A bill, supplemental to the acts of 1795 and 1817, providing for calling out the militia for the defense of the Union, was reported from the Military Committee by Mr. Stanton, of Ohio. The bill provoked considerable opposition, and an effort was made to procure its rejection; but the House refused to reject it—110 to 67. Mr. Stanton pressed for the previous question, but the expiration of the morning hour prevented its being taken. The Report of the Committee of Thirty-three was considered, and an anti-secession speech was made by Mr. Webster, of Maryland. The bill reported by Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Ways and Means, authorizing the issue of bonds of the denomination of $50, in lieu of a portion of the loan already authorized, was passed. The Senate bill, organizing the Territorial Government of Colorado, was taken up under a suspension of the rules, and passed, after some debate. The House held an evening session, at which, as usual on such occasions, a number of speeches were made to empty benches.

On Tuesday, 19th, in the Senate, the Tariff Bill was taken up, and occupied attention until the adjournment—the special order being postponed. An amendment was adopted which places a duty of five per cent. on all wool under eighteen cents per pound. A variety of other amendments were acted upon, but none adopted excepting one to make the value of Treasury notes to be issued at $50 each.—In the House, Mr. Fenton, of New York, offered a preamble and resolution proposing to refer the National troubles to a National Convention, and moved this substitution for the report of the Committee of Thirty-three. They were laid over under the rule. The bill reported by Mr. Stanton, authorizing the President to call out militia in certain contingencies, was then taken up, and a long and excited debate took place upon it. Mr. Stanton insisted that there was a misapprehension in regard to the bill, and proceeded to explain its purposes, concluding with a move for the previous question. This was opposed by a number of members, Northern and Southern, who desired more time to examine its provisions, in order that they might vote understandingly. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived, 105 to 68; but the expiration of the morning hour finally stopped the debate, and the matter gave place to the report of the Committee of Thirty-three. Subsequently the joint resolution from the Senate, repealing the act for the relief of William H. Degroot, was taken up and passed. The day session was finished with a debate on the Senate's amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill, which provides for the building of seven additional steam sloops of war. A night session was held for general debate.

On Wednesday, 20th, in the Senate, the House bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to discontinue the mail-service in those States where it is liable to be interfered with was debated. It was opposed by Southern members as a direct attempt to strike at the seceding States, and as a declaration of insurrection on the part of those States, Various amendments were suggested, but none of them were acted upon. The Tariff Bill was then taken up, and the amendments made on Tuesday in Committee, were read and adopted, including the one reducing the duty on sugar, and placing one on tea and coffee. The bill was finally passed, 25 to 14.——In the House, consideration of Mr. Stanton's Militia Bill was resumed, and Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, made a speech in opposition to it, which occupied the morning hour. He considered the passage of the bill a foregone conclusion, and characterized it as a declaration of war. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, then addressed the House at considerable length—the report of the Committee of Thirty-three being under consideration—urging a settlement of the national troubles by conciliation and compromise, and the House subsequently passed to a debate upon the Senate's amendments to the Navy Bill—the one providing for the building of seven steam sloops of war occupying attention until the adjournment, and being finally agreed upon by a vote of 111 to 38. The debate was extremely interesting, several gentlemen from the Border Slave States taking occasion during its progress to define their positions in reference to the question of the right and propriety of secession. An evening session was held for general debate.

On Thursday, 21st, in the Senate, Mr. Colfax's bill, providing for the discontinuance of the postal service in those districts where it is likely to be interfered with, was discussed by Senators Hunter of Virginia, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Fessenden of Maine, Douglas of Illinois, and Green of Missouri. Senator Hunter took the ground that if the seceded States were still to be considered as members of the Union, Congress had no right to cut off their postal facilities. He believed it would lead to using force against those States. Senator Doolittle argued that it was a measure of peace, and would tend to prevent collision. Senator Fessenden took the same ground, as did also Senators Douglas and Green. The bill was not finally disposed of, but gave way to the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill, which in turn was postponed for an Executive Session, which continued three hours. The Senate held an evening session, and debated the Crittenden plan of adjusting the National difficulties.——In the House, a report was made from the Special Committee of five on the President's Message of the 8th of January, relative to the disposition of the vessels of the Navy so as to leave the whole Atlantic coast unprotected. They also reported a resolution of censure against the Secretary of the Navy for accepting, without inquiry, the resignation of those officers of the Navy who propose to take up arms against the Federal Government. Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee, gave notice that he should soon ask for a vote on the resolution. The House then considered Mr. Stanton's Volunteer bill, and Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, concluded his speech, commensed on Wednesday. He was followed by Mr. Howard, of Michigan, who denounced Mr. Bocock's remarks as clap-trap, intended to influence the action of the Peace Conference. The morning hour having expired, the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was considered, and Mr. Barrett, of Missouri, made a speech condemning the course of the Republican party, but denouncing the policy of secession. Subsequently the Senate bill providing for the payment of the expenses incurred in the Indian wars in Oregon and Washington was taken up. Finally, the amount appropriated was cut down from $3,400,000 to less than $3,000,000; but the House adjourned without taking a vote upon it. Both Houses adjourned over for the anniversary of Washington's Birthday.

EXECUTIVE SESSION OF THE SENATE.

The Senate had a stormy executive session on Thursday. The nominations of Judges Black and Pettit were up for confirmation, but no definite action was had. Probably neither of the nominations will be confirmed.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The President has nominated and the Congress confirmed the following Members of the Cabinet: *Secretary of State*—Mr. Toombs; *Secretary of the Treasury*—Mr. Memminger; *Secretary of War*—Mr. L. Pope Walker. It was understood that Mr. Yancey declines a seat in the Cabinet. By the suggestions of his friends, he prefers to represent the Government in Europe.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S INAUGURAL.

In the course of his Inaugural at Montgomery, President Davis said:

"I enter upon the duties of the office to which I have been chosen with the hope that the beginning of our career as a Confederacy may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and independence which we have asserted, and which, with the blessing of Providence, we intend to maintain. Our present condition, achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that it is right for the people to alter and abolish governments whenever they become destructive to the ends for which they were established. The declared compact of the Union from which we have withdrawn was to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity; and when, in the judgment of the sovereign States now composing this Confederacy, it has been perverted from the purposes for which it was ordained, and ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the ballot-box declared that, so far as they were concerned, the Government created by that compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted the right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion of its exercise they, as sovereigns, were the final judges, each for itself. The impartial, enlightened verdict of mankind will vindicate the rectitude of our conduct, and He who knows the hearts of men will judge of the sincerity with which we labored to preserve the Government of our fathers in its spirit.

ANXIOUS FOR PEACE, BUT READY FOR WAR.

* * * * * * *

"An agricultural people, whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell, and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the Northeastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that mutual interest would invite good-will and kind offices. If, however, passion or lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth.

* * * * * * *

"For purposes of defense the Confederate States may, under ordinary circumstances, rely mainly upon their militia; but it is deemed advisable, in the present condition of affairs, that there should be a well-instructed, disciplined army, more numerous than would usually be required on a peace establishment. I also suggest that for the protection of our harbors and commerce on the high seas a navy adapted to those objects will be required."

THE TARIFF OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The Southern "Congress" at Montgomery have been engaged on their tariff. Among the articles to be admitted free are breadstuffs, provisions, and munitions of war; and all goods, wares, and merchandise "from the United States," purchased before the 1st of March and imported before the 14th. After that period all importations—with the rather important exceptions noted above—from the North are to be subject to duties. A resolution has been introduced and adopted, instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of levying an export duty on cotton.

MR. LINCOLN IN NEW YORK.

The President-elect reached this city on Tuesday afternoon, after being greeted at every station this side of Albany by enthusiastic crowds to whom he made two or three short addresses. The reception in this city must have been peculiarly gratifying to him. He was escorted to the Astor House by the [illegible] carriages. The line of the route along Ninth Avenue, Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue, Fourteenth Street, and Broadway was crowded with spectators, almost equaling the turn-out to witness the Japanese and Prince of Wales pageants.

MR. LINCOLN'S SPEECH TO THE REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

Mr. Lincoln met the Republican clubs of New York on Tuesday evening, and said:

"Mr. Chairman,—I am rather an old man to avail myself of such excuses as I am now about to do; yet the truth is so distinct, and presses so distinctly upon me, that I can not well avoid it—that is, that I did not understand when I was brought into this room that I was to make a speech. It was not intimated to me that I was brought into a room where Daniel Webster and Henry Clay had made speeches, and where I, in my position, am expected to do something like those men, or at least say something worthy of myself. I therefore beg you to make allowance for the circumstances under which I have been by surprise brought before you. I have been very much in the habit of thinking, and sometimes speaking, on the questions that have agitated the people. If I were disposed to do so, and we were to take up some of the issues, and I was called upon to make an argument, I could do it without much deliberation. But that is not what you desire to have done here to-night. I have been occupying the position, since the election, of silence—of avoiding public speaking. I have been doing so because I thought, upon due consideration, that was the proper course for me to take. [Applause.] I am brought before you now to make a speech, while you all approve, more than any thing else, that I have been keeping silence. [Great laughter and renewed cheering, the audience taking the full humor of the thing.] It seems to me the response you give to that remark ought to justify me in closing just here. [More laughter.]

"I have not kept silence since the Presidential election from any party craftiness or for any indifference to the anxieties that pervade the minds of men in this country. I have kept silence for the reason that it was peculiarly proper for me to wait until the time should come when, according to the custom of the country, I would speak officially. [Applause.] I hear some one say: 'According to the custom of the country?' I allude to the custom, on the President's taking the oath of office, of his declaring what course he thinks should be pursued. That is what I mean. The political drama acting before the country at this time is rapidly shifting its scenes. It was eminently fitting that I should wait till the last minute, so that I could choose a position from which I should not be obliged to deviate. I have said several times on this journey, and now repeat to you, I shall then take the ground that I think is right—the ground that I shall then think right for the North, the South, the East, the West, and the whole country. [Cries of Good, Good, and great cheering.] And in doing so I hope to feel no necessity pressing upon me to say any thing in conflict with the Constitution, in conflict with the continued Union of these United States, in conflict with the liberty of the people, nor any thing in conflict with any thing whatever I have given you reason to expect from me. [Hearty and long-continued applause.] Now, my friends, have I not said enough? [Applause, which, as the humor of the thing was fully perceived, broke forth in loud huzzas.] Now, my friends, there is a difference of opinion between you and me, and I insist on deciding the question."

HIS REPLY TO MAYOR WOOD.

In reply to a speech on the crisis from Mayor Wood on Wednesday, he said:

"Mr. Mayor,—It is with feelings of deep gratitude that I make my acknowledgments for the reception given me in the great commercial City of New York. I can not but remember that this is done by a people who do not, by a majority, agree with me in political sentiment. It is the more grateful because in this I see that for the great principles of our Government the people are almost unanimous. In regard to the difficulties that confront us at this time, and of which your Honor has thought fit to speak so becomingly and so justly as I suppose, I can only say that I agree in the sentiments expressed by the Mayor. In my devotion to the Union, I hope I am behind no man in the nation. In the wisdom with which to conduct the affairs tending to the preservation of the Union, I fear that too great confidence may have been reposed in me; but I am sure I bring a heart devoted to the work. There is nothing that could ever bring me to willingly consent to the destruction of this Union, under which not only the great commercial City of New York, but the whole country has acquired its greatness, except it be the purpose for which the Union itself was formed. I understand the ship to be made for the carrying and the preservation of the cargo, and so long as the ship can be saved with the cargo, it should never be abandoned, unless it fails the possibility of its preservation, and shall cease to exist, except at the risk of throwing overboard both freight and passengers. So long, then, as it is possible that the prosperity and the liberties of the people can be preserved in this Union, it shall be my purpose at all times to use all my powers to aid in its perpetuation. Again thanking you for the reception given me, allow me to come to a close."

HIS SPEECH AT TRENTON.

Mr. Lincoln left New York at eight A.M. on Thursday, and arrived at Trenton the same day. He there replied to addresses from both Houses of the Legislature. To the Representatives he said:

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen,—I have just enjoyed the honor of a reception by the other branch of the Legislature, and I return to you and them my thanks for the reception which the people of New Jersey have given, through their chosen representatives, to me as the representative, for the time being, of the majesty of the people of the United States. I appropriate to myself very little of the demonstrations of respect with which I have been greeted. I think little should be given to any man, but that it should be a manifestation of adherence to the Union and the Constitution. I understand myself to be received here by the representatives of the people of New Jersey, a majority of whom differ in opinion from those with whom I have acted. This manifestation is, therefore, to be regarded by me as expressing their devotion to the Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people. You, Mr. Speaker, have well said that this is a time when the bravest and wisest look with doubt and awe upon the aspect presented by our national affairs. Under these circumstances, you will readily see why I should not speak in detail of the course I shall deem it best to pursue. It is proper that I should avail myself of all the information and all the time at my command, in order that when the time arrives in which I must speak officially, I shall be able to take the ground which I deem the best and safest, and from which I may have no occasion to swerve. I shall endeavor to take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country. I take it, I hope, in good temper, certainly in no malice toward any section. I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am. [Cheers.] None who would do more to preserve it; but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. [Here the audience broke out into cheers so loud and long that, for some moments, it was impossible to hear Mr. Lincoln's voice. He continued.] And if I do my duty and do right, you will sustain me, will you not? [Loud cheers, and cries of Yes, yes, we will.] Received, as I am, by the members of a Legislature, the majority of whom do not agree with me in political sentiments, I trust that I may have their assistance in piloting the ship of State through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is, for if it should suffer attack now, there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage. Gentlemen, I have already spoken longer than I intended, and must beg leave to stop here."

HIS SPEECH AT PHILADELPHIA.

Arriving the same evening at Philadelphia, he replied as follows to an address from the Mayor:

"Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens of Philadelphia,—I appear before you to make no lengthy speech, but to thank you for this reception. The reception you have given me to-night is not to me, the man, the individual, but to the man who temporarily represents, or should represent, the majesty of the nation. [Cheers.] It is true, as your worthy Mayor has said, that there is anxiety among the citizens of the United States at this time. I deem it a happy circumstance that this dissatisfied portion of our fellow-citizens do not point us to any thing in which they are being injured, or are about to be injured; for which reason I have felt all the while justified in concluding that the crisis, the panic, the anxiety of the country at this time is artificial. If there be those who differ with me upon this subject, they have not pointed out the substantial difficulty that exists. I do not mean to say that an artificial panic may not do considerable harm; that it has done such I do not deny. The hope that has been expressed by your Mayor, that I may be able to restore peace, harmony, and prosperity to the country, is most worthy of him; and happy indeed will I be if I shall be able to verify and fulfill that hope. [Tremendous cheering.] I promise you in all sincerity that I bring to the work a sincere heart. Whether I will bring a head equal to that heart will be for future times to determine. It were useless for me to speak of details of plans now. I shall speak officially next Monday week, if ever. If I should not speak then, it were useless for me to do so now. If I do speak then, it is useless for me to do so now. When I do speak, I shall take such ground as I deem best calculated to restore peace, harmony, and prosperity to the country, and tend to the perpetuity of the nation and the liberty of these States and these people. Your worthy Mayor has expressed the wish, in which I join with him, that it were convenient for me to remain with your city long enough to consult your mechanics and manufacturers; or, as it were, to listen to those breathings rising within the consecrated walls wherein the Constitution of the United States, and I will add, the Declaration of Independence were originally framed and adopted. [Enthusiastic applause.] I assure you and your Mayor, that I had hoped on this occasion, and upon all occasions during my life, that I shall do nothing inconsistent with the teachings of these holy and most sacred walls. I never asked any thing that does not breathe from these walls. All my political warfare has been in favor of the teachings that came forth from these sacred walls. May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if ever I prove false to those teachings. Fellow-citizens, I have addressed you longer than I expected to do, and now allow me to bid you good-night."

Mr. Lincoln then retired, and subsequently held a levee.

DEFEAT OF THE SECESSIONISTS IN ARKANSAS.

Arkansas has followed the example set her by Tennessee, and not only returned Union delegates to the proposed State Convention, but has voted *not to have any Convention!* Sufficient returns have been received to render this result certain, and the Secessionists are forced to admit that their defeat is most complete.

SEIZURE OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.

A telegram from Fort Smith states that the overland mail had been seized near Fort Chadbourne, and that all the property of the company within reach had been taken possession of. A report was also current that Forts Chadbourne and Belknap had been captured, but this is not confirmed.

AFFAIRS AT FORT PICKENS.

The Pensacola *Observer* has letters from Fort Pickens to February 11. Five United States vessels were off the harbor, the *Macedonian*, *Brooklyn*, *Sabine*, *Wyandotte*, and *St. Louis*. None but the *Wyandotte* entered the harbor, and through her communication was kept up between the fleet and Fort Pickens. On the night of the 6th, it is said, it was confidently anticipated that there would be a collision between the Federal and State forces, and a letter to the Columbus (Georgia) *Times* details a series of manœuvres, which happily proved unsuccessful, to get the *Wyandotte* ashore by means of displaying decoy lights. No attempt to land troops was made, and the night passed quietly. The captain of the *Brooklyn* is represented as having been greatly incensed by the orders which he had received not to land his men at Fort Pickens, as his stores were not sufficient to last them for any length of time. The captain of the *Sabine* is said to have declared that "he would not raise a flag of truce to enter an American port; he'd be d—d first."

AFFAIRS AT FORT SUMTER.

The *Whig Press*, of Middletown, Orange County, publishes an interesting letter, written by an officer in Major Anderson's command to a relative in that county. It is dated at Fort Sumter on February 7, and says that the soldiers are standing at their guns, port fires lighted, daily expecting an attack. From the batteries at Cummings' Point six mortars bear directly upon Fort Sumter, and these are behind fortifications which will stand severe fire before they can be made untenable. It probably will be Major Anderson's policy, in case of an attack, first to batter down Fort Moultrie and all the houses on Sullivan's Island, and then to take the other batteries *seriatim*. The officer seems to have no fear of the floating batteries which are said to be in course of construction. They will be under Sumter's guns for the distance of a mile at least, before they can be made available, and if they get under the walls "infernal machines" will be hurled into them. The writer also details certain other defensive preparations, and says that they have abandoned all hope of receiving aid from the Government, but gives his word that a manly and vigorous defense will be made.

AFFAIRS AT THE TORTUGAS.

Captain Meigs, commanding at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas Islands, has arrived at the capital. He reports all military affairs in that quarter as in a state of quiet.

PERSONAL.

The death of Mrs. Catharine Grace Gore, the popular English novelist, is announced by our recent arrivals as having taken place about the last of January, at the age of 61. She was no less a woman of society than of letters, and was equally remarkable for the wit and brilliancy of her conversation, and the fertility and liveliness of her pen. As a delineator of the manners of fashionable life she had few rivals, and of the 60 or 70 different works which she wrote, extending to nearly 200 volumes, there is scarcely a page which is dull or commonplace.

A letter from Japan, the latest dates received, says: "Poor Tommy is supposed to have met an untimely end. The Japanese say he died of delirium tremens (a new American introduction), but we all believe his head has been cut off."

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, wife of the President of the old Union, has two married sisters now on a visit to Montgomery, Alabama. One is from Kentucky, and on a visit to her sister, who resides in Selma, Alabama. They are both secessionists, and opposed to the government of their brother-in-law, Abraham Lincoln. Of course they attract considerable attention, and are the toast of Southerners. The husband of one has offered his services to Governor Moore, of Alabama, to further the cause of secession and State rights and republican liberty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The Queen opened Parliament in person on 5th, and delivered her Speech as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is with great satisfaction that I again meet you in Parliament, and have recourse to your assistance and advice. My relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly and satisfactory, and I trust that the moderation of the Powers of Europe will prevent any interruption of the general peace."

After alluding to European affairs she adds:

"Serious differences have arisen among the States of the North American Union. It is impossible for me to look without great concern upon any event that can affect the happiness and welfare of a people nearly allied to my subjects by descent, and closely connected with them by the most intimate and friendly relations. My heartfelt wish is that these differences may be susceptible of satisfactory adjustment. The interest which I take in the well-being of the people of the United States can not but be increased by the kind and cordial reception given by them to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the continent of America. I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing my warm appreciation of the loyalty and attachment to my person and throne manifested by my Canadian and other North American subjects on the occasion of the residence of the Prince of Wales among them."

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TRADE WITH THE COTTON STATES.

The underwriters of London and Liverpool have raised the rate of insurance one per cent. on cargoes from the Southern States of America, on account of the numerous fires on cotton-ships and to cover war risks.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TITIAN GALLERY.

A destructive fire occurred on the 5th at Blenheim Palace, the splendid historical seat of the Marlboroughs. The main building escaped comparatively uninjured, yet the damage is stated at £100,000 sterling. The famod Titian gallery, with its valuable paintings, was destroyed.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

The French Emperor opened the Chambers on 4th with a speech, in which he said:

"I have endeavored to prove, in my relations with foreign Powers, that France sincerely desires peace, and that, without renouncing a legitimate influence, she does not pretend to interfere in any place where her interests are not concerned; and, finally, that, if she sympathizes with all that is great and noble, she does not hesitate to condemn every thing which violates international right and justice. It is sufficient for the greatness of the country that its rights be maintained in the quarters in which they are incontestible, to defend its honor wherever it may be attacked, and to afford her support where it is supplicated by a just cause. It is thus that we have maintained our rights in causing the recognition of the cession of Savoy and Nice. These provinces are now irrevocably united to France. It is thus that, to avenge our honor in the extreme East, our flag, united with that of Great Britain, floats victoriously over the walls of Pekin, and that the Cross, emblem of Christian civilization, again surmounts in the capital of China the temples of our religion which have been closed for more than a century. It is thus that, in the name of humanity, our troops have gone to Syria, in virtue of a European convention, in order to protect the Christian against a blind fanaticism. At Rome I have considered it necessary to increase the garrison when the security of the Holy Father appeared to be threatened. I have sent my fleet to Gaeta at the moment when it seemed that it must be the last refuge of the King of Naples. After having allowed it to remain there four months, I withdrew it. However worthy of sympathy might be a royal misfortune so nobly defended, the presence of our war vessels obliged us to depart every day from the system of neutrality which I had proclaimed, and gave rise to erroneous interpretations; but you know that in policy one hardly believes in the possibility of a pure, disinterested step. Such is a rapid exposition of the general situation. Let any apprehension, therefore, be dissipated, and let confidence be re-established. Why should not commercial and industrial affairs assume a new development? My firm resolution is not to enter into any conflict in which the cause of France should not be based on right and justice. What, then, have we to fear? Can a united and compact nation, numbering forty millions of souls, fear to be drawn into struggles the aim of which she could not approve, or be provoked by any menace whatever? The first virtue of a people is to have confidence in itself, and not allow itself to be disturbed by imaginary alarms. Let us, then, calmly regard the future in the full consciousness of our strength as well as in our honorable intentions. Let us engage, without exaggerated preoccupations, in the development of the germs of the prosperity that Providence places in our hands."

FATHER LACORDAIRE ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

In a speech just delivered at the French Academy by Father Lacordaire on the subject of M. de Tocqueville, the eloquent friar said:

"For the first time M. de Tocqueville saw an industrious, peaceful, powerful, and respectable people pouring into vast solitudes the quiet flood of its population. However, this people was its own master; it did not recognize any distinction of birth, and elected its magistrates in all the degrees of the civil and political hierarchy. Free as the Indian, civilized as the European, religious without acknowledging the superior claims of any worship, this people presented to an amazed world the living drama of the most absolute freedom and of the most complete equality.

* * * * * *

"The American spirit is a religious spirit. It has an innate respect for laws; freedom is as dear to it as equality. It places the foundation of political freedom in civil freedom.

"This is just the reverse of the spirit by which a great portion of the European democracy is carried away rather than guided. While the American believes in a soul, in God who made it, in Christ who saved it, in the Gospel which is the book common both to the soul and to God, the European democrat, save some noble exceptions, believes only in humanity, a rather fictitious humanity, which he has created in a dream.

"The same difference exists concerning the laws. The American who respects God's law, respects also man's law, and, if he believes it unjust, he reserves to himself the right of abrogating it, not by violence, but by the peaceful and sure means of persuasion that man carries in his intellect, and by the still more powerful means derived from his tried devotedness to the cause of justice. For the European democrat (I do not speak here of the necessary exceptions), law is but a decree originating in force and which force can upset; had a whole people given its assent and its sanction to it, he professes that a minority, or even a single man, has a right to protest with the sword against it, and to tear in the blood a compact which has no other value than the impotence of the people to replace it by another.

"Finally, gentlemen (said Father Lacordaire), if we compare results, we will say that American democracy has created a great people, religious, powerful, respected, free, though not without its trials and perils. European democracy has broken the ties which linked the present to the past; buried prejudices under ruins; raised here and there a precarious freedom, stirring the world with events rather than renewing it with institutions. Undisputed master of the future, this democracy will lead us, if not instructed and regulated, into the frightful alternative of a bottomless pit of demagoguism, or of an unchecked despotism."

THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE.

The case of Jerome Bonaparte-Patterson *vs.* Prince Napoleon came up for further argument in Paris on the 1st instant, and public curiosity was even greater than on the first day. M. Berryer replied at length to the address of M. Allon, counsel for Prince Napoleon, and M. Allon responded. The court then adjourned till Friday, the 8th, to hear the Imperial advocate.

THE EMPEROR'S LADY FRIEND.

A Paris letter says: "Madame Castiglione, in her twenty-third year, is dying of cancer at Passy. The Empress Eugénie is thus avenged, for there is no doubt of the Emperor's truancy in that quarter. Her loveliness was really extraordinary.

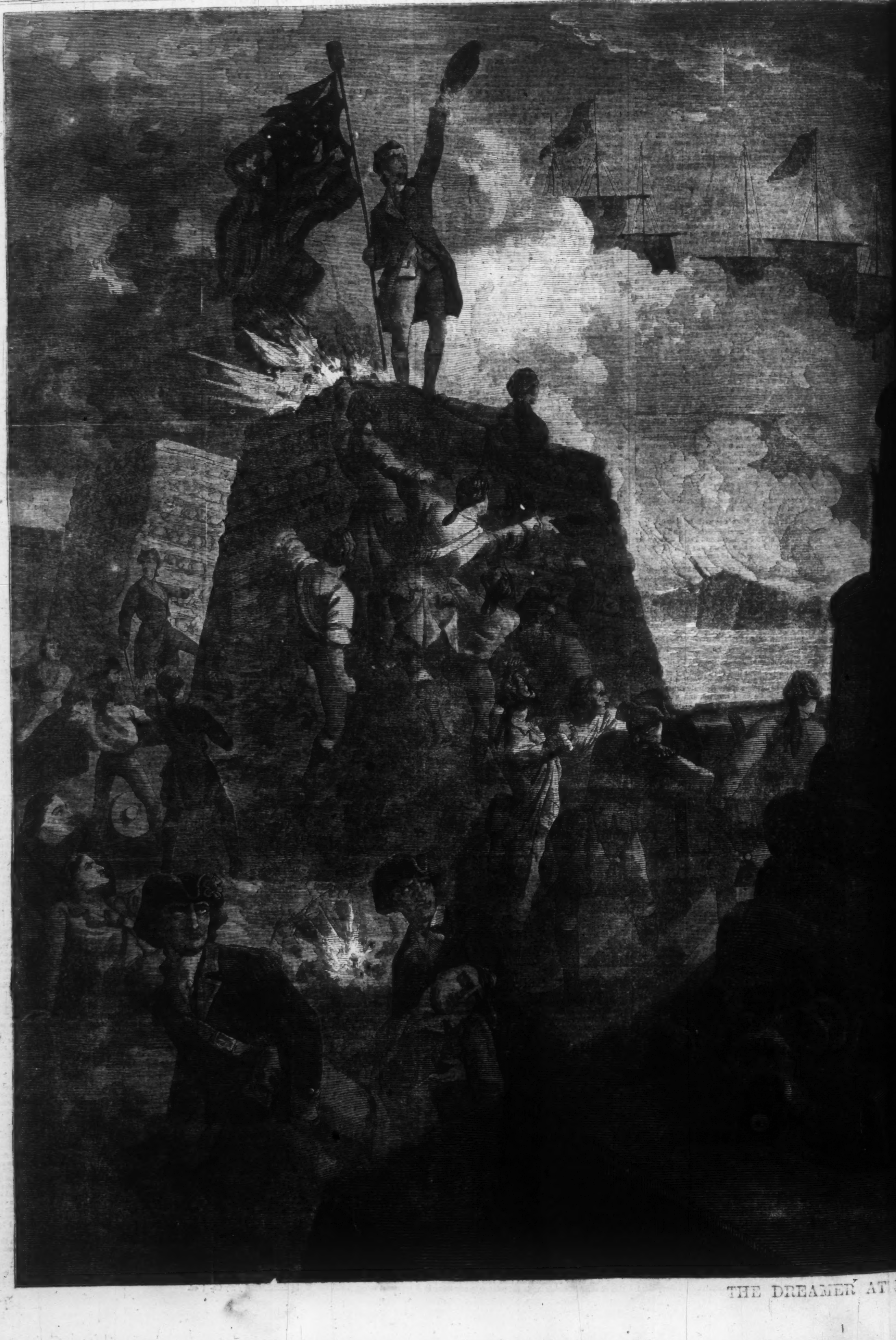
ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM GAETA.

A telegram, dated Naples, February 4, says: The fire of the besieged at Gaeta is very brisk, and is replied to by the Sardinians. A vessel left Gaeta last night, eluding the vigilance of the Sardinian squadron. The Spanish vessels which were dispatched to Gaeta had been repulsed by Admiral Persano. Francis II. has issued an appeal to the Sicilians, offering them the Constitution of 1812, a Sicilian army and navy, and an entirely separate administration. He asks of them to give an asylum to a royal family, abandoned but brave, and too well instructed by misfortune.

A telegram dated Turin, 7th, says: At Gaeta within the last 36 hours the besiegers have blown up three powder magazines and destroyed a side of curtain citadel.

The garrison has asked an armistice of 48 hours to bury the dead. This has been granted by General Cialdini, who has [illegible] for the wounded.



THE DREAMER AT

AT M LTRIE—1776 AND 1861.

THE DREAMER AT MOULTRIE.

OUR artist has, we think, achieved a triumph in the picture which we give on the two preceding pages. It represents the dream of a soldier of the South Carolina Army now serving at Fort Moultrie—a dream recalling the memorable scene which has rendered the name of Moultrie famous throughout the world, and which is the brightest page in South Carolina history. Let us briefly recall the oft-told tale.

It was on the 4th June, 1776, that the British fleet, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, appeared off the bar at Charleston. General Lee had just arrived at that city with a force of Northern men, who had been dispatched by General Washington to assist in its defense. The First South Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Gadsden, was at Fort Johnson; Colonel Moultrie commanded a body of volunteers in Fort Sullivan, since known as Fort Moultrie; Governor Rutledge had command in the city. Over three weeks were spent by the British in preparations for the attack. At length, on 28th June, at 10.30 A.M., Sir Peter Parker hoisted the signal of attack on board his flag-ship, the *Bristol*. The whole fleet sailed in, took up a position off the end of Sullivan's Island, and commenced firing on the fort. We need hardly explain that Fort Sumter had not then been built; had it been in existence no fleet could have occupied the position then taken by the British.

The fire from the ships was warmly returned by 30 guns in Fort Sullivan, and the garrison, having better shelter than the crews of the ships, suffered less from the incessant fire. In the mean while, General Clinton had landed some 2000 troops on Long Island, and attempted to cross over to Sullivan's Island. In this design he was foiled by Colonel Thomson, who with a large body of riflemen and a few heavy guns commanded the passage, and drove back the British every time they made their appearance with terrible loss.

From eleven in the morning till nine in the evening the battle thus raged, almost without intermission. Until nightfall the fire from Fort Sullivan never slackened, and it was not till then that the British fleet, sadly cut up and maimed, slipped their cables and sailed out of range. They had gained nothing by their enterprise except the loss of a large number of good officers and men, while to the Americans the victory was of signal value.

The incident represented by our artist occurred in the middle of the action. As the fire became hot, a shot from a British ship cut away the flag which waved upon the western bastion of Fort Sullivan. Jasper leaped upon the parapet, walked the whole length of the fort, picked up the flag, and in the midst of the fire, and in sight of the fort and the ships, fixed the flag firmly on the bastion. He then ascended to the parapet, and leaped back unhurt to his place.

It will be noticed that our artist depicts Colonel Moultrie in the group defending the Fort. The likeness is a very good one.

MY AUNT MARCIA.

MY Aunt Marcia was the bravest woman I ever knew; it always seemed to me a pity that she should have been obscured by the position of private gentlewoman which fell to her share in the deal of life, when she would have come out so grandly as a Pucelle d'Orleans, or Charlotte Corday, or Grace Darling, or any other of those few heroic women who have had the chance that the rest of us have only sighed for.

In support of my proposition, let me repeat a few of the anecdotes concerning this beloved aunt, with which my peevish childhood could always be beguiled when every other amusement failed.

Left an orphan at seventeen by the death of the mother to whom she was tenderly attached, and whose illness had been ameliorated by her unremitting care and affection, my aunt received an invitation to spend the winter with an old uncle and aunt, proprietors of a lonely country house in the wilds of New Jersey.

The invitation was accepted, and in the sombre twilight of a November day my aunt, wearied and sad, entered the doors of the gloomy old house.

Entering, she was shown at once to her apartment, a large and lonely room in an unoccupied wing of the great house; the fire-place was filled with wood of the dryest kind most artistically arranged, but apparently the merry flame dared not encounter the terrors of the unexplored regions lying so black and silent in the great stone chimney above, and resolutely turning back to seek human companionship, filled the whole room with smoke.

My aunt threw open a window, and, after breathing at it for a moment, seized the tongs, and with some little effort convinced the cowardly fire that his safest course lay in advance, and the flames rallying for a united effort rushed tumultuously into the heart of the black regions above.

The visitor then requested that an excuse for her non-appearance below on the score of excessive fatigue might be offered to her hostess, and that a cup of tea and her own maid might be sent to her.

The housekeeper withdrew, and in a few moments the tea appeared, borne by Phyllis.

Phyllis had nursed my aunt in infancy, had shared with her the wearing labors of my grandmother's last illness, and had left all other ties to follow her nursling to her new home. In compensation for this devotion the old woman claimed, and was allowed, unusual liberty of speech and action.

"Oh, Miss Marsy," began she the moment she had placed her tray upon a little stand at her mistress's elbow, and began to unpack the traveling bag, "*does* yer know, chile, whose room dis yere be?"

"Mine while I stay, isn't it, Phyllis?"

"I dunno 'bout dat, honey. Dem as has got it isn't sech as will gib it up easy, nor dey isn't sech as you'll want for company."

"What in the world are you talking of, Phyllis? Who claims the room besides me?"

"De ghoseses, Miss Marsy!" whispered Phyllis sententiously, falling back as she spoke, to note the expression of her auditor's face.

"Ah, it is a haunted chamber, is it?" laughed my Aunt Marcia. "And what ghost in particular is likely to dispute possession with me?"

"Dere ain't nuffin to laugh 'bout, chile," exclaimed the old nurse, somewhat offended at her hearer's obvious incredulity.

"Dis yer room b'longed to you Grandpa Young, an' dat yer closet am de place where he cut he troat, an' lef' de blood run all ober de letter he wor writin' to you grandma to tell her 'bout de heap o' money he done los' at de cards; and ebery night—mark you dat, honey—you Grandpa Young sets afore de desk in dere, an' writes an' writes at dat yer letter wid de blood alluz a streamin' out ob he troat ober de paper; an' de more he write de more de letter ain't done, an' nebber will be done, 'cause—"

"Hush, Phyllis! I don't wish to hear any such stuff, and I should think you would know better than to repeat such a story to the grand-daughter of that unhappy man. Good-night! I don't want any thing more."

"Laws now, Miss Marsy, honey! don' you go an' be mad wid ole Phyllis jes' fer tryin' to keep you from gettin' scart."

"No, indeed, nurse; I'm not angry in the least," returned the easily mollified young girl. "But I am very tired and sleepy, and want to go to bed, and can't fasten the door inside till you are gone."

"An' you done go'n' fer to sleep in dis yer room, Miss Marsy!"

"Certainly. There—good-night!"

And without quite knowing how it had been accomplished, Phyllis found herself standing outside her mistress's room, with the door locked behind her.

To bed my Aunt Marcia went, and to sleep, but was awaked about the middle of the night by a sort of nightmare, in which she beheld her Grandfather Young standing beside her, holding in one hand a half-written sheet of paper, and in the other a curious old hunting-knife, with which he made desperate attempts to cut the throat of his innocent descendant.

My aunt started upright in her bed, and looked about the chamber.

All was quiet; and with a half-smile of contempt at her vague terror, she was about to sink back and compose herself again to sleep, when a faint noise arrested her attention.

Listening closely, she soon determined that the sounds originated in the closet pointed out by old Phyllis, and resembled closely the scratching passage of a bad quill pen over stiff paper, varied at intervals by a rustling noise, as if the paper had been turned and folded back.

My aunt listened to these sounds during what appeared to her a long interval, and afterward confessed that she thought more than once of the unfinished letter left by her Grandfather Young, and of Phyllis's tale of the nightly attempts of his ghost to complete the melancholy rehearsal of his own misdeeds.

The more she listened, and the more she thought, the stronger grew a cowardly inclination to lie down, and, pulling the bed-clothes over her head, shut out alike mysterious sounds and dismal memories; but just as this inclination reached its height my Aunt Marcia threw back the bed-clothes and resolutely sprang out of bed.

"I really believe I was getting frightened," said she to herself, as, putting on her dressing-gown and slippers, she went close to the closet-door and bent down to listen at the keyhole.

Certainly the sounds came from within that closet, and a nearer approach only confirmed her first idea of their nature.

My aunt hesitated a moment, and then, clenching her pretty hand, pounded menacingly upon the door, saying,

"Away with you, whatever you are!"

The noise ceased; but something within that door, directly opposite my aunt's hand, pounded a response!

Knock for knock it mockingly returned, only with sharper blows than those of a fist—more like the bony knuckles of an old man's hand, perhaps.

"I've stopped your writing, at any rate," muttered my Aunt Marcia; "and since you're not civil enough to open the door when a visitor knocks, I will do it for myself."

So, first lighting a candle and stirring the fire to a blaze, the undaunted girl looked about for means of fulfilling her threat.

The door was locked and the key gone; but a vigorous search soon discovered it buried in dust on the top of the door-casing, and in another minute my aunt threw open the door closed since fifty years before.

As she did so an old pistol, hanging by its lock to a nail driven into the door, fell down at her feet.

My aunt took it up, hung it again upon the nail, and gently shook the door.

"O—h! it was you that knocked, was it?" said she, gayly; and then, holding the candle above her head, she advanced a step or two, and looked scrutinizingly around the place.

It was a little room, with a fire-place at one end and a window at the other.

In the middle stood a great arm-chair, beside a table littered with papers, apparently the former contents of a writing-desk which lay open beside them, still containing a few old letters, receipts, and the like. As my aunt bent down to look at them, the papers in the desk rustled vehemently, as if stirred by an invisible hand. Seizing an old quill pen from the great pewter inkstand, where it stood like a ruined light-house beside an empty sea, she began tossing out the papers, and soon discovered the cause of the disturbance in the shape of a nest of very young mice, whose mother had probably deserted them at the opening of the door.

My aunt stood a few moments looking fixedly at the little creatures, who blinked back at her with their black, bead-like eyes.

"Yes, yes, my dears," said she, at length, "I see it all now. It was you, snuggling about in your paper bed, that made the rustling, and your mamma's little feet pattering over these letters on the table that did the writing. I'll see you again to-morrow, but now good-night."

With these words my Aunt Marcia shut the closet door, blew out her candle, got into bed and went directly to sleep, nor did she wake again till Phyllis and the sunshine invaded her chamber together.

That very morning the unfortunate mice were expelled from their snug quarters, the papers were locked up in the old desk and banished to the garret, the table and chair sent after them, and the little room with much scrubbing, dusting, carpeting, and general rearrangement, converted into a pretty dressing-closet, before whose cozy fire my aunt seated herself that night, while Phyllis, brushing her young mistress's long hair, expatiated on the courage she had shown in laying "de ghose o' Grandpa Young."

It was but a few nights after this, however, that my aunt was again awakened by a very peculiar sound, and one still more alarming in its nature than the ghostly pen scratching.

It proceeded apparently from the huge unfinished garret, and seemed near the spot directly over my aunt's chamber, where the contents of the dressing-room had been bestowed; but no mouse could ever have occasioned the startling combination of sound which in the middle of the night had roused my aunt from sleep.

First was heard a harsh, grating noise, like the passage of some heavy substance over a rough surface—then the clanking of a chain—then a violent fall, accompanied by a wild, shrill cry of pain—and then a pause of a few seconds—after which the whole was repeated in exact routine.

My aunt listened to all this for some time, and then determined to investigate the matter.

Her first impulse was to summon the assistance of the servants, but with her hand upon the bell she paused.

"They will only be frightened to death, and won't help me a bit," said she to herself. "I will go up alone."

A few minutes after my aunt stood in the great dismal garret, looking and listening for the midnight disturber of her slumbers.

A low clanking of the chain directed her to the spot where he lurked, and in a moment the mystery lay unraveled before her.

The garret, like many others in old country houses, was only floored in the centre, while at the sides the great beams lay bare, divided by the lath and plaster of the ceilings below.

Upon one of these beams Isaac, the "boy" of the establishment, had set a musk-rat trap with its chain attached, first baiting it with cheese, in the hope of catching one of the rats whose nightly revels disturbed his slumbers in a little room partitioned off the end of the garret.

The experiment had succeeded, much to the discomfiture of a patriarchal rat who had ventured into the trap, nibbled at the cheese, and, becoming suspicious, had turned to fly, when the trap springing had caught him firmly by the tail.

Then commenced for the poor fellow that painful journey, probably toward his home, whose éclat had roused my aunt.

First, he dragged the trap across the ridges of plaster—then climbed with it the next beam, while the chain in turn rattled across the intervening space—then traversing the beam he plunged down the opposite side dragging trap, chain, and all after him—and so aggravating the pain he was already suffering as to elicit the shrill cry of pain, and necessitate the succeeding pause before recommencing his journey.

"Poor fellow!" said my aunt, softly, as with might and main she forced open the trap and set free the luckless captive, who sprang away without a "Thank you."

I am not now writing my Aunt Marcia's biography, but only trying to prove the assertion of her bravery with which I started. I must therefore pass over the romantic incidents attending her courtship and marriage, and merely state that four years after the events just narrated she had become the wife of a lawyer of considerable eminence, and the mistress of the gloomy old Grange, where she had first come as visitor to her uncle and aunt, remained as their adopted daughter, and finally as their heiress assumed her present position.

Mr. Apthorpe, my aunt's husband, was much away from home attending the sessions of the Circuit Court, and transacting legal business in the cities of his own and even neighboring States. My aunt was thus left very much alone.

It was during one of these absences of Mr. Apthorpe that his wife sat in her summer parlor, with doors and windows all open, busily engaged in sewing.

She was very light-hearted that morning, and hummed a merry tune as she bent over her work; for she was thinking of the coming time when she should no longer be alone during her husband's absence, and of the pretty garment she was so busily stitching—one of many destined to adorn the expected guest.

The last stitch was set, and the last notes of the song were trilling over the lips of the happy young wife, when a long shadow fell athwart the sunshine at her feet; and a wild white face, framed in black elf-locks, was thrust over her shoulder, and stared with a malicious grin full into her eyes.

"Did ever you hear of Peter Sibley?" asked the white lips in a hissing whisper.

My aunt had heard of Peter Sibley, and the whole of his black story flashed across her mind. He was a ruffian who, the year before, had stolen into a house in a neighboring town, found a woman sitting alone at her work, and had brutally murdered her before robbing the house of the rich booty it contained.

He had been captured some months after, tried, and condemned, and was at that moment confined in the jail at Trenton, awaiting the day of his execution.

My Aunt Marcia *felt* this story, but had not time to think it, before she moved her chair half round so as to face the intruder, and fixing her eyes calmly upon him, said, steadily,

"Yes, I have heard of Peter Sibley. Are you he?"

"No, I'm his brother. One was taken, and the other was left—the other was left," muttered the stranger, hiding behind him something, which my aunt felt sure was the sharp hatchet she had used that morning in trimming her rose-bushes and left upon the veranda.

She moved her chair again, so as to face her visitor more fully; for as he spoke he had edged round toward her back.

"Why in the world didn't you run, Aunt Marcia?" asked I once at this point in the story.

"For several reasons, my dear. One was, that I never had run away from any thing, and did not like to begin the habit; another was, that I felt sure the moment I showed the least cowardice that hatchet would be buried in my brain; and the third was that, though not in the least frightened, I felt a little giddy, and could not rely upon myself to stand up with that dignity which I should wish to preserve in such company."

So my aunt sat still, and tried to hold the stranger's eyes with hers; but this she found impossible; and in his wild and fluctuating glances she read a confirmation of the suspicion of his sanity, which had already crossed her mind.

This suspicion had barely crossed my aunt's mind before she determined to act upon it, and, assuming the authoritative manner most likely to impress him, she demanded, sternly:

"If you are his brother, why don't you carry him the governor's pardon, that has been waiting this week and more for a messenger?"

"Pardon—pardon for Peter Sibley—oh yes, he'll be pardoned, and then he can come out and go along with me to find more women. Where is the pardon? Give it to me."

"It isn't here," said my aunt, sharply. "You ought to know that such papers are not left in the care of women. My husband is a lawyer, and he has it down at his office in the village—down that way."

"Yes, yes, the lawyers keep the papers—the lawyer's got the pardon. I'll go carry it, and then Peter Sibley and I will come and see you together."

With a cunning laugh the maniac darted from the room, and a moment after my aunt saw him running at full speed in the direction of the village.

Half an hour later two keepers called at the house to inquire for the fugitive. They were shown into the parlor where sat my aunt, a new piece of sewing in her hand and a quiet serenity upon her brow.

She received them graciously, and in answer to their inquiries briefly related her interview with the lunatic, then bowed them out with as dignified a composure as if that terrible episode in her morning's occupation had not occurred.

Before night the poor madman (who, by-the-way, was not in the least related to Peter Sibley) was safely again in custody, and my aunt never heard of him again.

A few months elapsed and Mrs. Apthorpe was ill in bed, with the little expected stranger beside her.

It was cold weather now, and her lodging had been changed from the room up stairs to the sunny bedroom below, where her old uncle and aunt had always slept, and where they had died within a week of each other.

Opposite the foot of my aunt's bed a door opened into the sitting-room; opposite this again was a door between the sitting-room and the long hall, with the great front door at the end of it, still in the same line of vision.

But in this cold December night, at half past twelve o'clock, all the doors were shut, though none of them were locked, and my Aunt Marcia lay awake feeling very sorrowful, for her poor old Phyllis was dying above stairs, and she was unable to go and bid her faithful old friend and servant good-by.

She had, however, sent the skillful nurse from her own bedside, with directions not to leave Phyllis while she remained alive. Refusing to allow any of the servants to stay beside her, my aunt remained alone, waiting for news of her humble friend's last moments.

Suddenly, while with strained attention she lay listening for any sound in the silent house, she distinctly heard the great brass latch of the outer door slowly raised, and the door swing open, striking the wall behind.

No footfall followed; but a moment after the latch of the sitting-room slowly moved, and that door in turn swung open.

My aunt listened with intense earnestness. Surely not the lightest footstep crossed the floor of the sitting-room; but the latch of her own door moved, rose slowly, descended, and the door swinging noiselessly open, showed through the dark vista of the hall the frosty glitter of the wintry sky.

By the flickering firelight my aunt could plainly see the vacant door-way; could see so far into the darkness beyond as to feel sure that no human hand had unclosed those doors.

"Who is there?" asked she, after an expectant pause.

No response.

"Phyllis, is that you come to bid me good-by? If so, let me see you or hear you speak!" said she again, for my aunt, though utterly fearless, was a firm believer in supernatural appearances.

But her appeal remained unanswered; and after a pause she repeated, impatiently,

"Who's there? Speak! or close the doors and go away!"

"Me-e-w!" replied a gentle voice, as Minnie, the white cat, leaped upon the bed and lay down at her mistress's feet.

Half an hour after, when the nurse stole down to see how her charge was faring, she found my aunt, the baby, and the cat all fast asleep, with the chill December air whistling through the room, for my aunt had refrained from ringing for any one to close the doors, lest she should disturb the last moments of her dying servant.

It was not till the next day that my aunt learned, through the nurse's inquiries in the kitchen, that Minnie had been in the habit of opening the doors (unless the outer one was bolted) by jumping up, putting one paw through the bow, and the other on the thumb-piece of the latch, and then dropping down and leaving the door to swing open of its own accord, or, if necessary, giving it an impetus by squeezing her body into the crack.

It was in this same bedroom, about a year later, that the last proof of my aunt's courage which I propose to relate took place.

My uncle had just returned from Newark, bringing with him a large sum of money, the proceeds of several heavy bills intrusted to him for collection by a client in a neighboring town, who was to call and receive his money on the following day. Meanwhile it was lodged in a secretary standing in the bedroom.

After tea, on the evening of his return, Mr. Apthorpe, having some letters to write, went down to his office, leaving his wife in the sitting-room, singing her baby to sleep.

This pleasant duty accomplished, she stepped softly into the bedroom, and laying the little boy in his crib, drew the coverings over him. But the night was cold, and the tender mother fancied her darling not warm enough, so went to the large clothes-press opening into her bedroom for an additional blanket.

This she found had been placed upon a high shelf, and in the effort to reach it she unconsciously grasped a long cloak hanging near with such force as to bring it to the floor.

Carrying out the blanket and spreading it over her boy, my aunt returned to pick up the cloak, and in stooping to do this saw close beside her the foot and part of the leg of a man whose head and body were still concealed by the garments hanging on the wall, although his retreat had been so materially injured by the fall of the cloak as to lead to his discovery.

My aunt confessed that for a moment her heart stood still, and the song she had been murmuring died upon her lips; but by the time she had regained her feet she was able to account for the pause by saying, peevishly, aloud,

"There, now, the loop is broken, and I can't hang it up again."

Then, throwing the cloak upon a chest close by, she went carelessly out, leaving the closet door a little ajar.

Standing beside her baby's crib, her back to the door lest the robber should read her face, my aunt considered her position.

My uncle had told her not to expect him home till near midnight. Isaac, the house-boy, had gone to the village on an errand. The nurse had received permission to spend the evening with a friend, and no one remained within except herself and the cook, busy in the distant kitchen.

It would have been easy for my aunt to snatch the baby from his crib and rush out of the house, leaving the robber to quietly collect his booty and escape before she could send any one to prevent him; but this course did not satisfy her.

She preferred to remain and guard the property intrusted to her husband's care, even at some risk to her own life.

She, however, considered that the robber, knowing the unprotected state of the house, might reasonably argue, if she remained alone, that he should run less risk in murdering her, completing his robbery, and escaping before her husband's return, than in waiting for night, when his operations, however carefully carried on, would be liable to arouse Mr. Apthorpe.

Just as my Aunt Marcia reached this point in her argument the baby stirred uneasily, and partially awoke.

Bending over the crib his mother began rocking vehemently, and singing the very same song so abruptly broken off a few minutes before. But though she rocked, and though she sung, the baby grew more and more uneasy; for his mother, while apparently trying in every way to pacify him, was in reality using every quiet means in her power to arouse him, until at last the little fellow, thoroughly awake, began screaming lustily.

"Poor little darling," said the well-pleased mother, lifting him out of his crib, "does his little stomach ache? Mamma is sure it does, or he never would cry so loud. He shall have a bath."

Stepping to the bell she pulled it gently, and when the cook appeared, said, calmly,

"Molly, I am afraid the baby is very sick. Bring up some hot water for a bath, as quickly as you can."

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the unsuspicious Molly; and in a few minutes mistress and maid had Master Herbert in the water, rubbing and scrubbing him vigorously, while the poor little boy, tired, sleepy, and vexed, repaid their exertions by redoubled screams.

"Has Isaac come in yet?" asked my aunt, carelessly, as Molly at last took the baby out of his bath and laid him on his mother's lap.

"Not yet, Ma'am; but it is nine o'clock, he won't be out much longer."

"I shall send him to the doctor's for some medicine as soon as he does come," remarked my aunt. "The poor child needs something very much."

"Sha'n't I try to put him asleep, Ma'am—you must be very tired?" asked Molly, longing to escape to the kitchen.

"Yes, Molly, I wish you would," said my aunt, who knew full well that nothing would be surer to keep Master Herbert awake than placing him in unaccustomed hands.

So Molly walked and sung, the baby cried and fretted, and my aunt enacted steadily the part she had set herself, until clumping feet upon the garden-walk, and the banging of the back door announced the return of the boy.

"There is Isaac, Molly," said my aunt. "Call him into the sitting-room, while I write a note to the doctor for what I want."

The cook left the room, and presently returned with Isaac, who stood beside the door while his mistress hurriedly wrote,

> "There is a man hiding in my closet, close beside the linen chest. Bring help, and come quickly, for God's sake.
>
> "MARCIA."

"There, Isaac, take this to Doctor Winslow, and wait for the medicine he is to put up," said my aunt, in a clear distinct voice; and as the boy left the room she turned carelessly into the bedroom. The next moment, however, she said, quickly,

"There, I didn't give him any money, and Mr. Apthorpe hates to have bills brought in for these little things."

"Won't I run after him, Ma'am?" asked Molly, offering her the baby.

"No, I'll go—he hasn't left the house," said my aunt, hurrying out.

Isaac indeed was but just opening the back door, when, to his great bewilderment, his mistress overtaking him grasped him fiercely by the arm, and said, sternly,

"Isaac, my life and that of others, depends upon your speed and faithfulness. Take that note to your master as quickly as you can reach him—ask him to read it immediately, and then wait for his orders. If he is not at his office, go to Mr. Benson's or Mr. Pierce's, and ask one of them to read it. Go now—run!"

"There, Molly, you may give me the baby now," said my aunt, cheerfully, as she re-entered the bedroom. "You may make up his little bed again, and pick up these things about the room."

Little Herbert, soothed in his mother's arms, soon fell asleep, and before Molly had completed the multifarious tasks assigned her by her mistress, the front door opened sharply, and a moment after, Mr. Apthorpe, followed by two of his friends, appeared at the door of the bedroom, and obeying a nod from my aunt, proceeded without a word to the closet, from whence, after a momentary scuffle and the harmless discharge of the robber's pistol, they dragged a great black-headed ruffian, who scowled defiance on all around, but chiefly on my aunt, whose agency in his capture he evidently suspected.

"Yes, my man," said my Aunt Marcia, coolly answering his menacing stare; "yes, it was I. I saw you when I came into the closet to pick up the cloak. If you had been wise you would have killed me then, secured the money, and made off at once."

"P'r'aps so; but folks doesn't alluz know wots fer their own good," returned the fellow, sullenly, as he was led away.

Here I will pause, not for lack of material, for anecdotes of my Aunt Marcia might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*, embracing every period of life, from her eccentric childhood to the kindly old age, which has not yet, thank God! found its limit.

But I refrain: for enough has been said to prove my proposition, if it be capable of proof; and I end as I began, with the simple assertion that my Aunt Marcia stands at the head of all the brave women whom I ever knew.

SNAKE STORIES.

IT was some weeks before snakes creeped again into my thoughts. This next time I was in the luxurious library of a New York magnate, in a house whose splendor literally blazed in comparison with the starved, impoverished palaces of Genoa, Rome, or Venice. I was in the stripling world, and was with a man at whose bidding the winged messages to Paris or Peru and the Stock Exchange couriers flew "du Pérou jusqu'à Rome." There were bronzes on the buffet, and golden clocks to "tick off" Time's account.

My friend Mr. Vanderpump—for he was a Dutch merchant born in a quaint Spanish house in Amsterdam—turning, as he talked to me about snakes, lay in a long red and blue hammock made of aloe thread netted by an Indian of Guatemala, with one leg not ungracefully hanging over its margin—Vanderpump, smoking one of those fiery Trichinopoly cheeroots which have ventilating straws inserted through their centres—harangued me pleasantly about certain deserted gold mines of the Spaniards, which it would take no great time, he said, by dint of Indian tradition, to rediscover; from this subject he wandered on, by many pleasant, devious by-paths of converse, to the subject of certain snakes of enormous size supposed to exist in "tarns" or small lakes among a certain range of mountains in South America.

I roused up at this, and prepared to listen. Vanderpump then—rolling round in his hammock, which, stretching from either wall, drooped down and swung within two or three feet of the ground—drew several yards of the colored netting over him as if for warmth, and prepared to pour out upon me his "winged words."

He told me that many Indians and hunters had assured him that they had seen these enormous snakes. They were twice as large as boa constrictors, and were generally discerned bathing themselves in the mountain lakes, where it was supposed they came to feed on the fish. They had, however, never yet been killed or found dead, nor was it known on what they usually fed, or where they lived. He (Vanderpump), being a liberal in science as in politics, saw no reason to doubt that a few specimens of some extinct Pythonic race of serpents might still be existing among those rarely-trodden mountains. Races of animals had died out of particular countries in our own time. The dodo was an instance. Even in the sea-serpent many sensible people retained a belief.

If the boa constrictor, that can battle with a buffalo or an alligator, and swallow a deer, antlers and all, were to become extinct to-day, to-morrow, but for printed records, there would be people found to deny that such a monster had ever existed. Because a certain creature had not yet been classified by stay-at-home zoologists, that was no proof, he urged, it did not exist. The mammoth was wonderful, and its skeleton had been found; whereas the backbone of a large snake presents little resistance to the violent extremes of South American climate.

I asked Vanderpump, who I knew had dabbled in medicine, whether, in the course of his South American travels, he had tried to discover new and valuable drugs, and, above all, any specific for snake bites?

He said, oscillating himself with lazy grandeur, that he had; he had several times in Nicaragua and Guatemala been on the brink of great discoveries. He had once been presented with an herb, which the peons told him was a certain cure for small-pox, but he tried it on one of his own Spanish servants who was ill, and it proved useless. The plant seemed a remedy only to the Indian constitution and in the Indian climate. There was, however, one pulverized herb which the peons used as snuff in cases of low fever, by which he had himself been cured when dangerously ill. Yet he had tried in vain to obtain a specimen of it; all offers of money were refused. They would not even gather it, except at night, for fear of being seen.

"And why all this precaution, this dog-in-the-manger caution?"

Because the Indians said that when the white man used one of their medicines it lost all its virtue. It had been so with jalap and with Peruvian bark. They were therefore determined to keep this wonderful diaphoretic and sudatory to themselves. He dried leaves of every herb and tree he could find in the neighborhood, yet in vain. In all his searches he never discovered a specific against snake bites. On the contrary, so much was a certain sort of snake dreaded there, that, if one was killed, all the people of the neighborhood would go out and solemnly burn the body to ashes, for fear of any life being left in it.

Vanderpump then went on to tell me of his having been once bitten, on the bank of a river, by a snake that had crept into an eel-hole. But this bite ended with a mere slight inflammation, and he supposed that the virus must have been neutralized by the water; or, more likely, the aggressive snake was a harmless one.

I had not many snake stories of my own experience to exchange with Vanderpump in return; but what I had I told without broidery or lace-work of imagination. I described how an eccentric friend of mine, first an officer, then a clergyman, and a conscientious man in both capacities, with whom I spent several pleasant summers, used to delight in taming the harmless snakes common in English hedgerows. He kept them by day in his pocket or hat, by night in a bandbox in the room I slept in; and well I remember the tremendous round and round scramble one morning, when one of them swallowed whole a large frog, which had been shut up with him for his consumption.

From this I harmlessly episoded into an account of a pretty peasant girl in Normandy whom I had seen twine live lizards lightly between the heavy lustrous black folds of her tiara of hair, where they glowed like coils of living emerald. I then (just as coffee came up like so much smoking incense) asked Vanderpump if it was really true that traveling quacks made a living by killing rattlesnakes for their fat?

He said it was indeed; that snake fat was excellent for sprains and bruises, and had been used in such cases, for centuries, by the Indians.

It was some days after I parted from Vanderpump, and I was on the Mississippi on the hurricane-deck of a first-class racing steamer; my feet were on planks covered with leaf lead to prevent the wood sparks charring them. Above us and behind us rose the glazed tower of a pilot-house. I was seated on an arm-chair, side by side with my dear friend Captain Vaughan, skipper of a California steamer. From this "coign of vantage" we looked down on the brown turbid river, on the pelicans, and on the brown sand-bars.

The crumbling banks of the great river were mere wrecks of fallen cotton-trees, and here and there were visible the white huts of the "negro quarter" of a cotton plantation. On the long spit of the nearest sand-bar lay a putrid lump which had once been a bullock, and, tumbling over and fighting for it, were swarming masses of turkey buzzards.

Again our converse fell on snakes. Apropos of some remarks on the great floods which are almost periodical on this great fickle river, the captain, bending his astute yet kindly eyes on me, told me how once, during one of those great inundations that reach for miles, when all the stream was alive with drifts of broken steamboats, fallen trees, cotton bales, and here and there dead men, he was in a steamboat at Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, when a backwoodsman came on board with a huge dead rattlesnake twisted round him. He had found it, he told the marveling passengers, floating on a black locust-tree which the river had undermined and washed down from its banks. These floods, said Vaughan, destroy a great many snakes, and the snakes have a great dread of the floods.

The Captain then went on to describe, when a prairie is on fire, the terror, anguish, and fury of the snakes. Some hunters even said that at those times they bit themselves, and so died before the fire could reach them. They seemed thoroughly conscious of the danger. But this story of their suicide the Captain doubted, because he had himself once caught a very large rattlesnake, taken it home, and tied it to a suspended washing-cord, where it could hiss and move but do no harm, for he had slipped a piece of stick into its mouth and tied it like a bit, with a string behind its head. There he fed and kept it for some days; but the snake, even when it had its head free, never attempted to bite itself. As to the popular notion that in times of danger the mother snake opened its mouth and let the young ones run down into its stomach for shelter, he believed that it merely originated in finding live snakes in the stomachs of others, which had, perhaps, swallowed them for food.

I then inquired of the Captain if he had ever used eau de luce for snake bites, and if he knew what it was? He said, smiling, that eau de luce was a mere quack name for compound tincture of ammonia, and that, undoubtedly, it was a good thing; but he had known an old slave suck the bites with great success, and with perfect impunity to himself.

I asked the Captain if snakes were gregarious? The Captain—after pointing to an alligator which was just floating past, looking as like a dead tree as a thing well could—went on to say that, though not generally gregarious, he thought several often selected the same places to hibernate: as he himself once had found more than a score under a felled live-oak tree he had to move with a gang of lumberers. He chopped them up with his axe as small as mince-meat in no time, he could tell me! He had also a story of a narrow escape he had had in the lower range of the Rocky Mountains. Here the Captain pulled out his pocket-book and showed me a plan of the place which he had made at the time, as that part of the range had never before been trodden by white man. I put the story in the first person, and try to give it the effect of the Captain's manner:

"I had been," he said, "prospecting all day for minerals, and had found some copper and lead, and some curious sulphur springs of, I believe, a unique kind; and, coming back to my camp, had lit my fire, and cooked some deer meat; then, quite tired out, looked round to select a convenient and sheltered place on which to sleep. I chose out, at last, a place under a high crumbly-looking rock, not far from my fire, and, loading my rifle, first bandaging the lock and slipping it into my Mackintosh-case to guard it from the damp, I wrapped myself like a mummy in my Mackinaw blanket and lay down under the rock to sleep: intending to rise early and push fast, to overtake my men, who were a day's march ahead looking after bears.

"I had a bad night, for rats or something or other kept passing over me, and half waking me. About the gray of the morning I roused myself from that sort of torpid, paralyzed sense of endurance that a prolonged nightmare throws you in, and rose up on my elbow to see if my logs were quite burned out, or if there was, perhaps, enough fire left to warm me some coffee, for the night had been frosty and cold. I looked, and to my horror saw a writhing heap of about thirty rattlesnakes coiled or moving round the brands of my fire. I had been sleeping under a rock which was perforated by their holes, and my fire had drawn them out by its alluring warmth. It was these snakes I had felt moving over me in my long nightmare.

"Loramussy, mister! How quick I did get on my feet, sure; and as I ran off, I banged with my rifle right among them, just to give them a sort of parting blessing. But what harm I did to them I never knew, for I did not care much to go back to that hive of rattlesnakes."

Thanking the Captain for his story, I reminded him that, in the prairies, rattlesnakes became gregarious from their habit of occupying the holes of the prairie dogs, first eating their landlords—a most ungenerous return for the shelter afforded them.

The Captain said that deer were very much afraid of the rattlesnakes; but that sometimes an old buck would face them, and leaping on them, crush them by a succession of bounds and jumps. Dogs, too, would sometimes face them, and acquire a habit of seizing them at the back of the head; but, if once bitten, the dogs lost all courage afterward.

The very same week of this conversation with the Captain, in perusing the Memphis *Daily Avalanche*, I met with a singular snake story, and as my chapter is necessarily a mere string of beads, and the story is too good to "whistle down the wind," I will tell it here. It had reference to a shrewd Yankee smuggler, who, having lately to pass some prohibited article into Canada, prepared a large box pierced with holes, and divided in two horizontally by a movable tray. Below the tray he placed his tabooed goods, above he coiled a lively rattlesnake, then he locked and corded the whole, and took it boldly to the frontier custom-house.

"Any thing to declare? Any tobacco?" said the custom-house.

"No," said the Yankee; "only 'notions.'"

"Open the box," said the custom-house.

The Yankee handed the key.

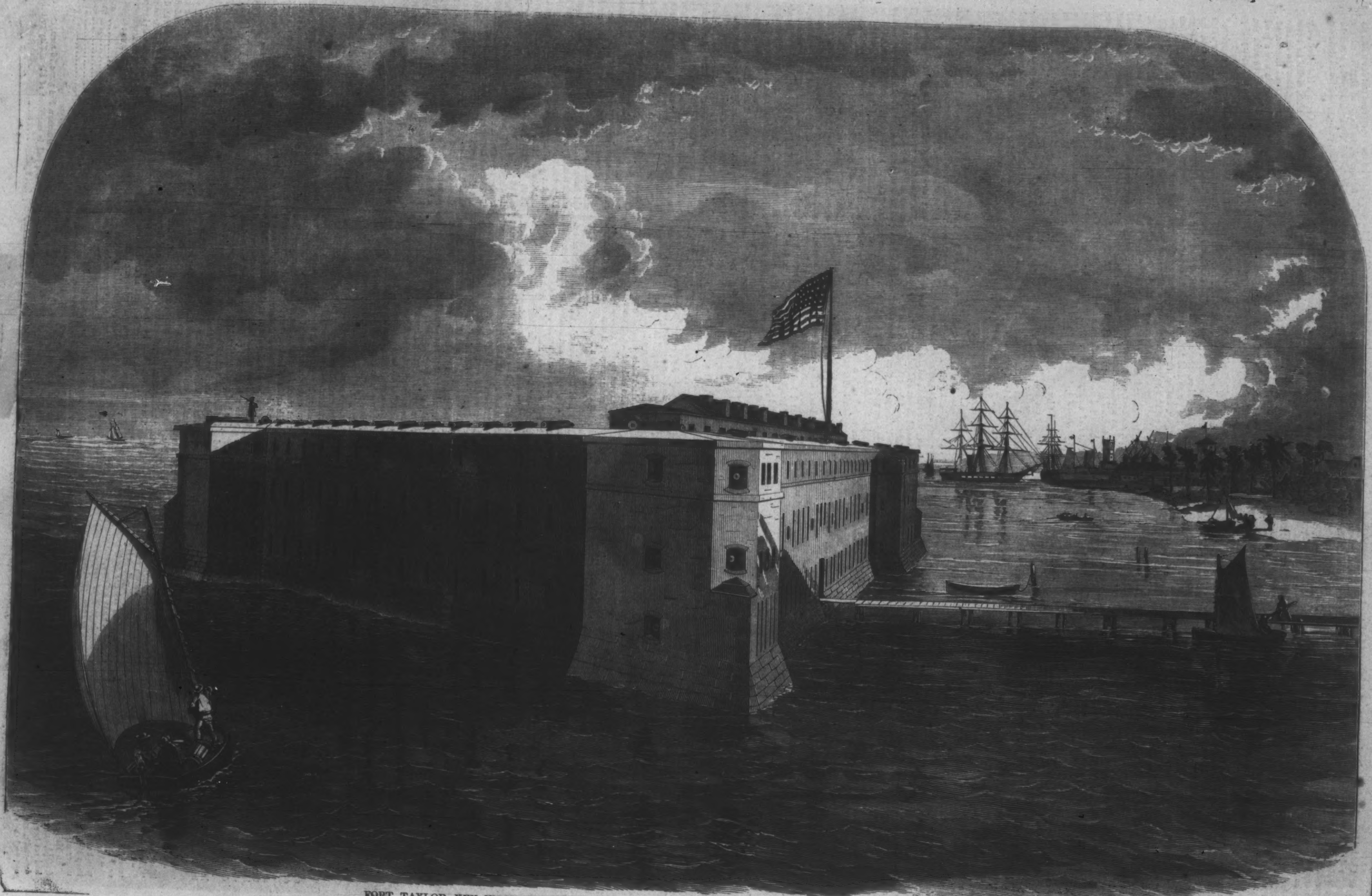
Custom-house opened it with mechanical quickness, and, starting back with a roar at seeing the lifted mischievous, hissing head of the snake, clapped down the lid again, and slammed it with a click. There was no more examination of that box at the custom-house.

FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.

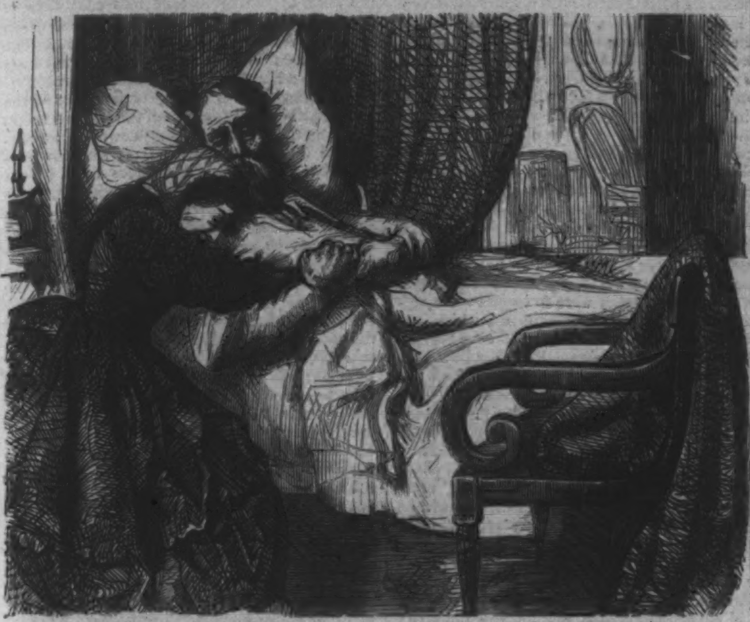
IN our last number we published a view of Fort Jefferson, Key West, one of the two forts which command the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico. We now publish, on page 140, a view of Fort Taylor, the other fort, which, like Fort Jefferson, is a work of great strength. Fort Taylor is commanded by Captain Brannan, U.S.A., who was breveted for his gallantry at Chapultepec, in the Mexican war. Captain Hunt, of the Engineers, is in charge of the construction department. The armament of the fort consists of 178 guns, as follows:

10-inch Columbiads	6
8-inch Columbiads	83
42-pounders	42
32-pound howitzers	11
24-pound howitzers	36
	178

Captain Brannan has some 76 men, besides laborers, and is confident of his ability to hold the fort against 5000 men.



FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.—FROM A DRAWING BY A MEMBER OF THE GARRISON.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



A LIFE STORY.

I.

In haste I call'd him the light word
  That darken'd life forever;
My pallid face nor moved nor stirr'd—
  His lips but one short quiver.
He gave me that long yearning look,
  And spake: "If such I be"—
And all his frame a shudder shook—
  "I am not fit for thee."

II.

We never met again—until
  Long years had swept away:
His face was cold, and calm, and still—
  My hair was tinged with gray.
Upon his arm a lady hung—
  His voice was kind and free:
He did not know the blood-drops wrung
  From my heart's agony.

III.

We met but once again—the day
  On which my darling died.
His wife and child had pass'd away:
  I bade farewell to pride.
We met—my face to his he drew—
  He call'd me by my name:
And in his dying hour we knew
  Our love had been the same.

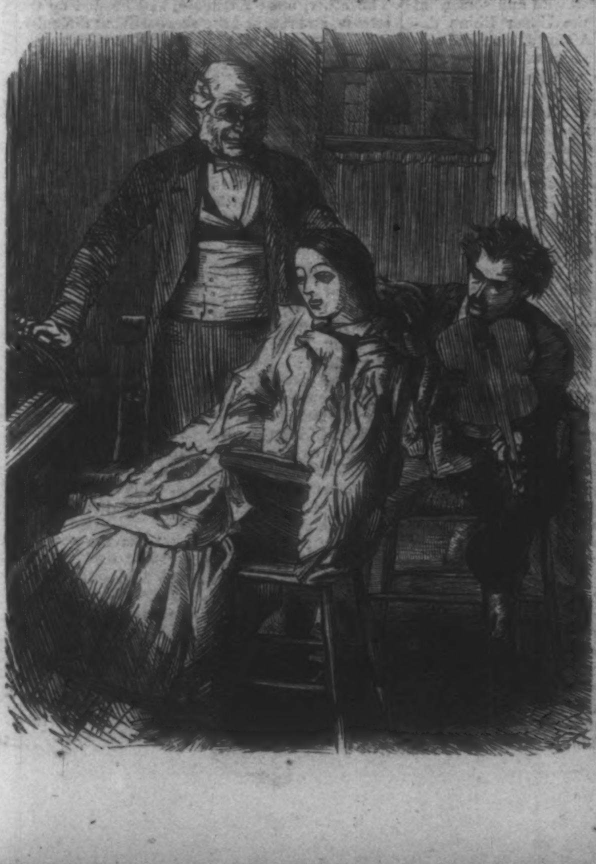
THE MAZED FIDDLER.

"I came to this place a man of thirty, and I am sixty now. When I came here, the prettiest girl for many a mile round was Mary Lee. You have seen our North Devon girls—dark eyes, dark hair, and ready speech? Mary had all this, and she had more; she had the bearing of a born lady, so that, though our folks are plain and rough, no one ever dreamed of uttering a coarse jest before Mary Lee. Her father, a small farmer, had left her tolerably well to do; and the old maiden aunt with whom she lived had been to her a very mother. You will suppose that she had many lovers. In a manner she had; every lad in Coombetown felt a kind of pride in her; but she was 'grand-like'—there was something about her which rather awed than invited them, and only John Hamlyn had any reason to hope for her hand. He lives next door still—a plain old sailor now, but in years gone by as fine and daring a fellow as breathed along the coast. Like Mary, he was sufficiently rich; that is, his father had owned two or three small coasters, and, dying, left them to his only son. Mary and he had grown up side by side, and always there was a quiet kind of affection between them. There was more than that, one wild winter morning when John was brought speechless and bleeding into the village, and Mary heard how, in the tempest of the night before, he had manned a boat, pushed off to a large brig that had struck upon the Tangle Rock in the offing, and saved the lives of some of her crew at the imminent peril of his own. A spar had struck him during his work, and there was a great ghastly wound in his head. Dr. Woodbury met the men as they silently brought John Hamlyn up the steep path from the pier, and saw him carried to his house; and Mary, going home, knelt down beside her bed, burst into wild tears, then into prayers as wild, and felt, for the first time, as if she really loved the great strong sailor. He recovered slowly; some traces of the wound indeed remained, but he could have had, I think, no scars more glorious, and ere long he hoped to bring Mary home as his wife.

"Unfortunately for her, unfortunately for John, there was a lad in the village *who had* genius, and, alas! who knew it. Willy Basset was but a poor young fisherman—not a strong one, not even a brave one; but one of singular parts. If I was too partial to him, and if my praises helped to turn his head and fill him with the demon of vanity, may God forgive me. I did all for the best. Suffice it, that whatever time he could steal from the drudgery of his daily life was given partly to the books I lent him, and partly to practicing upon an old violin which had belonged to his father, the village fiddler.

"John Hamlyn passed the cottage where he lived one day, and heard him playing. 'Willy Basset, lad,' cried the big curly-haired John, 'it seems to me you might spend your time better than in fiddling, with your poor old mother bed-ridden at home! There's the herring-hawks off the bay, man, and the shoal will be round the head before you finish Bobbing Joan. Out to the boats, Willy!' Willy looked up, and was about to answer angrily; but John looked alarmingly big. Said Willy: 'It is very generous of you, John Hamlyn, to talk of my mother's poverty. You are richer than we, I know; but you need not remind us of it!' These were mean, false, cowardly words of his: but John—placable John—felt as if he had spoken too roughly, and held out his hand. Willy refused it, and turned away. From that hour, as I fear, he often thought how he could best injure the strong prosperous fellow who had reminded him of his duty.

"We are a musical race down here. Mary Lee had this passion almost to excess, and sang with singular sweetness. One evening, at my house, she had been singing some of her quaint old songs, when Willy Basset came up to return some of my books. He sat down, and I asked him to play a tune or two, as he often would when he came to see me. As yet he was but a poor player, though already he gave some faint promise of that wondrous skill to which he afterward attained. This night, whatever was his inspiration—and Mary Lee's dark eyes had surely much to do with it—he played as he never had before, with quite new passion and energy. This was indeed the first time on which I ever heard him improvise. Hitherto he had simply played the ordinary country tunes; to-night he struck boldly away from them, trusted to his own heart, and succeeded. Have I said that he was not handsome? At ordinary times he was not; but *now*, as his eyes lighted up with the excitement of his music, there was a wild beauty about them which, to a romantic girl, would have far more charm than ordinary comeliness. When he ended I asked Mary to sing—and behold, Mary was crying.



"It is the old story. What was John Hamlyn, plain and bluff, to this Willy Basset, so gifted and so passionate? Mary asked herself this question too often for her first love to last. It died out. John saw the change, but would not believe it. A year passed by. Willy Basset's bed-ridden mother died—proud of her son, and loving him wildly to the last. The poor soul cried out, as she lay dying, in her wretched cottage on a rough December day, 'He will be the pride of the county yet, my Willy—a wonderful boy, Sirs! a wonderful boy!' But the neighbors said that little good would ever come of one who had been fiddling to please himself when he should have been fishing to help his mother; and I could not but feel that what they said was true.

"And now came a time which, to Mary, I think, was one of the purest happiness; but which brought pleasure less pure to Willy Basset, and absolute torture to the brave John. Willy—let me not be unjust to him—was thoroughly sincere in all his professions of love: but there mingled with them always, I fear, a base sense of triumph over his richer, stronger, handsomer, manlier rival. And as for John, though the poor fellow blundered about in his big, uncouth, righteous way, still sang at his work, and never left a duty undone, yet was he as assuredly smitten with a deep and terrible grief as if he had testified thereto by jumping over the cliffs—which often he was very much inclined to do—for, struggle against the conviction as he might, he could not but see that Mary Lee, though she had ever a kindly word and a bright smile for him, no more intended to *marry* him than she intended, say, to marry *me!* Thus went down all the poor fellow's card-castles, shattered by a fiddle-stick. He was not imaginative, this big John; but, smoking his honest pipe of evenings in the sanded kitchen of his old homestead, he had had his little visions of happiness and ease, the central figure in every such vision being that of Mary Lee. Well, *that* was over now. I don't pity him the less because he could not write a sonnet about his 'blighted hopes.'

"In the April after his mother's death, Willy Basset, with his violin and with ten pounds in his pocket—my savings were very small, and I could give him no more—sailed away in a ship that was bound to Naples. He went as a common sailor; but I knew that what he chiefly wanted was to reach some land where he might obtain really good musical teaching; and, for my own part, I encouraged him in this scheme, wild as it might appear. An old friend of my own lived at Naples, and I recommended Willy to him as a youth of rare and brilliant promise. For, whether it was through his love for Mary Lee, or whether it was through a mere ambitious desire to show his kinsfolk and his townsfolk that, if he *was* a humble fisherman, he was yet something superior to *that*, certain it is that his genius had taken a rapid and sudden start, and that he would oftentimes play with really wonderful expression and power. Ere he went, Mary Lee, with little urging, had promised that if in a few years he came back in a position to maintain a wife she would be his.

"Letters came from Willy in due time—hopeful, eloquent letters. My friend at Naples was very kind to him; procured him a master; and, at last, plain Willy Basset, ex-fisher-boy, had a seat in the orchestra of an Italian opera. Mary was proud enough of this, be sure; but when three years passed by, and he sti'l said nothing of returning, she became uneasy. His letters grew less frequent. 'He has found new friends,' thought she, 'and forgets old Coombetown folk.' Indeed, indeed, if *she* was sorely tried, yet was he as sorely tempted! I learned afterward that he had progressed in his art with startling rapidity; at last he became a celebrity; and you know, doubtless far better than I, to what seductions an artist is exposed in the south.

"Six years after his departure there came a letter from him which made Mary's face flush and glow again. He was coming home—successful, famous, rich. Home to his little Mary, 'whom he loved better than any signora of them all.' Home to his 'dear old friend,' naming me with words far more flattering than I liked. Home to old Coombetown, 'where, perhaps, he would be rather more valued than formerly.' And so on: a vain egotistical letter, as I see now, but which made Mary's heart as light as a bird's. She had waited long, waited faithfully, but she had not waited in vain, it seemed. Was she not right in her choice?

"John Hamlyn? John Hamlyn was doing very well in the coasting-trade between Coombetown and Bristol.

"Willy Basset? He was a famous artist—and she would be an artist's wife.

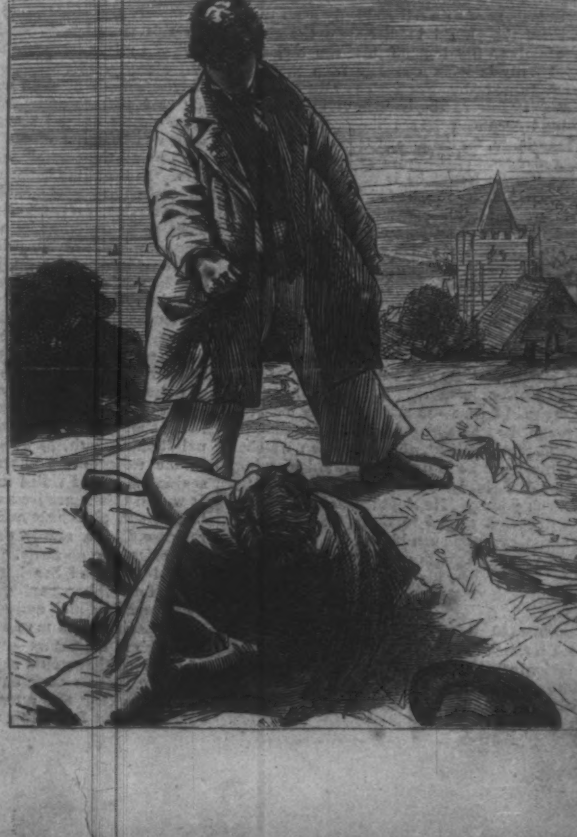
"The artist reached home. He landed at Bristol, where he lodged almost all his money with a well-known banker, and thence posted on to the little Devonshire village with what speed he might. I do not attempt to describe his meeting with Mary Lee. I could tell of its gladness, of its vehement passion, but even as I speak the sad memory is with me of all those trials, all those afflictions, which so speedily followed this hour of intense delight. I found him changed—not altogether for the better. His face, though he came from the south, was very pale; his eyes, brilliant as ever, had now a light in them which was not that of cheerfulness and health; and in his whole bearing there was somewhat of ostentation, somewhat of affectation, which it pained me bitterly to see. Despite all this, he could be very fascinating when he chose, and the faults which I, a grave bookman, saw, were doubtless invisible to the girl who loved. John Hamlyn indeed conceived an utter loathing for him; but John had very strong provocation; for Willy now took it into his head to be *jealous* of John—jealous of the man whose life-happiness he had ruined! and gradually John's relations with Mary Lee grew to be formal and constrained. It was hard for John to keep quiet under this: but Love, if it had worked wonderfully upon the artist, if it had fired and kindled him into genius, had tried John Hamlyn also in its magic crucible, and found him utterly pure; so that, rather than cause one tear, one shadow of anxiety to Mary Lee, he would even—keep away from her! He was very seldom at her house now, and Willy made his visits exceedingly trying to him. The time fixed for the marriage was now close at hand.

"John Hamlyn, returning from a coasting-voyage to Bristol, went home, smoked a huge pipe in the kitchen, and then, contrary to his wont, walked up to visit Mary Lee. He saw Willy, from a distance, leave the house, so he knew that Mary would be alone. The same evening Willy called to see me. He seemed overflowing with happiness; all the better part of him—and he had much that was very lovable—shone out. And oh, how he played! The future stretched before him so bright and so gay in its every aspect, that his music was as the warbling of an angel rejoicing over the beauty of the earth. He left me at last; but, excited by the conversation and the music, he could not go home to sleep. He walked on toward Mary's house, to wander round it, to dream about it, as lovers will. As he approached he saw a light in her window, though it was strangely late—and there was the shadow of a man upon the curtain! It stung him, this shadow, like a snake. With a cold biting jealousy at his heart, he crept into the darkness of the hedge and waited.

"Presently he heard the door open, and then a voice, which he knew to be John Hamlyn's, said: 'But she had been crying, he could tell that.' John's big form came out into the light. He walked slowly, silently up the hill. Silently, slowly, the artist followed him. God forgive the poor man if he meant to use a knife—I know he carried one; but, on the brow of the hill, John, turning, saw that he was followed, and marched back upon his follower. Even in the faint starlight he recognized Willy by his wide foreign cloak, and said, with a strange grave earnestness in his voice:

"'I have bad news for you, Basset: I would rather you learned them from some one who is less hateful to you than I am—*why*, I can not tell—I never wronged you in any way.'

"'Never tampered, I suppose, with my intended wife? Never tried to lure her away from me? Never came to her like a thief in the night? Never "pitied the poor fiddler," as one would pity a maimed cur?'



"'You are very hot about it, Basset—but you shall know all to-morrow morning.'

"'I insist, Sir, upon knowing all to-night—to-morrow you may be busy discharging your bales at the pier-head!'

"John felt the insult; but still, very stubbornly, very nobly held down the passion that was rising in him. Willy—for rage had blinded him—mistook this silence for timidity, and went on, rapidly, tauntingly, till at length John answered:

"'I went up to Mary Lee to-night, if you *will* have it, to tell her that Johnson, the Bristol banker, has absconded, and that you are a beggar!'

"With a hoarse shriek Basset leaped upon him, and struck him in the face. And then, the suppressed rage of years concentrated into one single blow, John lifted his huge arm and beat him down. It was a terrible blow: the passionate artist lay stretched like a dead log upon the ground—senseless. Suddenly the moon shone out large and full. The light fell through the thick hedgerow trees, right upon Basset's face. John knelt down, and saw that it was bloody—bloody. He groaned with shame, the big John, that he should have struck one so frail; but at last Basset's eyes slowly opened, and John still knelt by his side, weeping like a babe.

"What made him leap up, and then stagger back, as if a knife had struck him to the heart? This: as he knelt by the artist, and watched him return to consciousness, he expected to hear a curse from his lips: he heard, instead, a low, feeble, chuckling *laugh*. It was the laugh of an idiot. Willy Basset was insane.

"Three months afterward I followed Mary Lee to her grave; and when the clamor and the noise of the affair had died away, John Hamlyn took the mad artist to his home, and has supported him ever since.

"Willy Basset has lost all recollection of that terrible night. He wanders about, harmlessly, quietly: the villagers, who call him 'the Mazed Fiddler,' never molest him; and at times he will take his violin and play so sweetly and so well that the few strangers who visit Coombetown will hardly believe me when I tell them he is mad."

* * * * * * * *

However feebly the old schoolmaster had told his tale, there had been something in it which had riveted the attention of his listener. As the evening closed in, the schoolmaster was rising to light his lamp when he heard a tap at his door. In another minute John Hamlyn entered.

He said, quietly:

"I have been down to the pier, Sir; the *Sarah Jane* has just come in; and now I find that poor Basset has left the house. I am going to look for him. Would you like to come with me, Sir? There's a wildish look about the sky to-night, and I should be loth to have him caught in the storm that is rolling up."

"I suppose we shall find him in the church-yard?" said the schoolmaster.

"Most like, most like, Sir. I always notice that on nights like this he steals away there. Poor fellow! it can't be helped *now*. But I would rather lose my right hand than use it as I did one night!"

The schoolmaster sighed; and all three set out together for the church-yard.

As they paused at the little church-yard gate they heard the sound of the violin. Willy Basset, standing by the grave of Mary Lee, was playing such a requiem as never yet musician has expressed in notes—a requiem of such depth of lamentation, such bitterness of regret, such vehemence of self-accusation, yet such overwhelming love and tenderness withal, that the three men almost wept as they listened, and not another sound was heard save the magical tones with which the Mazed Fiddler mourned over his dead love. They did not dare to interrupt him; but at length the music ceased; he walked toward them, staggering like a drunken man; and then, as he reached the gate, sank heavily, fainting, on the ground. At that instant there was a peal of thunder in the east, which rolled on, crashing and reverberating as it rolled, till it seemed to break right above their heads; then for a minute utter silence; and then a blinding sheet of rain fell suddenly upon them. They lifted the Mazed Fiddler from the earth; John Hamlyn, flinging off his rough jacket, wrapped Willy in it as a shelter from the rain; and they turned homeward. The rain still fell, but far away toward the horizon vivid flashes of lightning leaped over the sea like swords.

"Make haste, for the love of God!" cried John, striding along with his burden as one who carried naught: "make haste! he is wet to the skin already—it will be the death of him!"

They brought him home and laid him gently in his bed. When the doctor came the artist was raving in his delirium. He said not a word now of Mary, not a word of John Hamlyn, his thoughts were away in the south.

"A poor fisher-boy, Signora!—Money, money, always money! can I coin it?—On the Red, then—I back the Red! For the eighth, ninth, tenth time, *Red!* Red it is!" he screamed, half starting out of his bed. "Do you believe in my fortune, now?—In notes, in notes! I have no lackey to carry my gold for me—an artist, nothing more!"

Through the whole weary night, while the rain fell in torrents without, the three men watched beside him; but as it drew on toward morning, and the storm slowly and sullenly abated, he became much calmer. He slept for an hour or two, and at daybreak turned to the old schoolmaster with a peculiar smile upon his face:

"You will give me my violin?" There were several in the room, his friend handed him the nearest. "Not *that*, not *that!* I played that at the San Carlo, when la Catarina sang so grandly: give me the old one—the one I had when a boy." He took it from the schoolmaster's hand and looked at it lovingly. Just then the morning light came full into the room, flooding it with its lustre. "I played it often enough, Sir, down among the rocks, when there were none to hear me but the merry sea-gulls. Ah! the beautiful light! The birds will be singing after the storm, and the lambs will be running in the meadows over the fresh wet grass. I loved to see them once, but I fear me, I fear me, that I'll never move from this bed till they carry me away to the gray old church-yard yonder, close by the dear old sea. And, well, I have had troubles enough, God knows! and I'm weary, weary, and I shall rest by her side at last!"

Was he mad now? He spoke softly, but there was a *raised* look in his eyes, and at times a cold, nervous trembling went right over him.

"Let him have his way, Sir," whispered John Hamlyn: "it is nearly over."

The artist played a few feeble notes upon his old violin, and smiled sadly as he preluded with a bar or two of a simple country air. *Crack!*

It was but the snapping of a fiddle-string; but as it snapped his heart broke too. Another hour had passed away. The artist, with his lean, long hand still upon the instrument, had fallen back upon his pillow: and big John Hamlyn, kneeling by the bed, and shaking terribly with the great strong sobs that seemed to be choking him, suddenly cried out, "Lead us not into temptation, lead us not into temptation! but, O Lord, deliver us from evil!"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Very conflicting and very mixed were my feelings as I set forth alone. I had come well, very well, out of a trying emergency. I was neither driven to pretend I was something other than myself, with grand surroundings and illustrious belongings, nor had I masqueraded under a feigned name and a false history; but as Potts, son of Potts the apothecary, I had carried my head high and borne myself creditably.

"Magna est veritas," indeed! I am not so sure of the "prævalebit semper," but assuredly where it does succeed the success is wonderful.

Heaven knows into what tortuous entanglements might my passion for the "imaginative"—I like this name for it—have led me, had I given way to one of my usual temptations. In more than one of my flights have I found myself carried up into a region, and have had to sustain an atmosphere very unsuited to my respiration, and now, with the mere prudence of walking on the terra firma, and treading the common highway of life, I found I had reached my goal safely and speedily. Flowers do not assume to be shrubs, nor shrubs affect to be forest trees; the limestone and granite never pretend that they are porphyry and onyx. Nature is real, and why should man alone be untruthful and unreal? If I liked these reflections, and tried to lose myself in them, it was in the hope of shutting out others less gratifying; but do what I would there before me arose the image of Catinka as she stood at the edge of the rivulet—that stream which seemed to cut me off from one portion of my life, and make the past the irrevocably gone forever.

I am certain I was quite right in parting with that girl. Any respectable man, a father of a family, would have applauded me for severing this dangerous connection. What could come of such association except unhappiness? "Potts," would the biographer say—"Potts saw, with the unerring instinct of his quick perception, that this young creature would one day or other have laid at his feet the burnt-offering of her heart, and then what could he have done? If Potts had been less endowed with genius, or less armed in honesty, he had not anticipated this peril, or, foreseeing, had undervalued it. But he both saw and feared it. How very differently had a libertine reasoned out this situation!" And then I thought how wicked I might have been—a monster of crime and atrocity. Every one knows the sensation of lying snugly abed on a stormy night, and, as the rain plashes and the wind howls, drawing more closely around him the coverlet, and the selfish satisfaction of his own comfort, heightened by all the possible hardships of others outside. In the same benevolent spirit, but not by any means so reprehensible, is it pleasant to imagine one's self a great criminal standing in the dock, to be stared at by a horror-struck public, photographed, shaved, prison costumed, exhorted, sentenced, and then, just as the last hammer has driven the last nail into the scaffold, and the great bell has tolled out, to find that you are sitting by your wood-fire, with your curtains drawn, your uncut volume beside you, and your peculiar weakness, be it tea or sherry-cobbler, at your elbow. I constantly take a "rise" out of myself in this fashion, and rarely a week goes over that I have not either poisoned a sister or had a shot at the queen. It is a sort of intellectual Russian bath, in which the luxury consists in the exaggerated alternative between being scalded first and rolled in the snow afterward. It was in this figurative snow I was now disporting myself, pleasantly and refreshingly, and yet remorse, like a sturdy dun, stood at my gate, and refused to go away.

Had I treated her harshly? had I rejected the offer of her young and innocent heart? Very puzzling and embarrassing question this, and especially to a man who had nothing of the coxcomb in his nature—none of that prompting of self-love that would suggest a vain reply. I felt that it was very natural *she* should have been struck by the attractive features of my character, but I felt this without a particle of conceit. I even experienced a sense of sorrow as I thought over it, just as a conscientious siren might have regretted that Nature had endowed her with such a charming voice; and this duty—for it was a duty—discharged, I bethought me of my own future. I had a mission, which was to see Kate Herbert and give her Miss Crofton's letter. In doing so I must needs throw off all disguises and mockeries, and be Potts, the very creature she sneered at, the man whose mere name was enough to suggest a vulgar life and a snob's nature! No matter what misery it may give, I will do it manfully. She may never appreciate the world at large, may never appreciate what noble motives were hidden beneath these assumed natures, mere costumes as they were to impart more vigor and persuasiveness to sentiments which, uttered in the undress of Potts, would have carried no convictions with them. Play Macbeth in a paletot, perform Othello in "pegtops," and see what effect you will produce! Well, my pretended station and rank were the mere gauds and properties that gave force to my opinions. And now to relinquish these and be the actor in the glarish light of the noonday and a shabby-genteel coat and hat! "I will do it;" muttered I—"I will do it, but the suffering will be intense!" When the prisoner sentenced to a long captivity is no more addressed by his name but simply called No. 18 or 43, it is said that the shock seems to kill the sense of identity with him, and that nothing more tends to the stolid air of indifference, the hopeless inactivity of feature, so characteristic of a prison life; in the very same way am I affected when limited to my Potts nature, and condemned to confine myself within the narrow confines of that one small identity. From what Prince Max had said at the table d'hôte at Bregenz, it was clear that Mrs. Keates had already learned I was not the young prince of the House of Orleans; but in being disabused of one error she seemed to have fallen into another, and it behooved me to explain that I was not a rope-dancer or a mountebank. "She too shall know me in my Potts nature," said I; "she also shall recognize me in the 'majesty of myself.'" I was not very sure of what that was, but I found it in Hegel. And when I have completed this task, I will throw myself like a waif upon the waters of life. I will be that which the moment or the event shall make me—neither trammeled by the past nor awed by the future. I will take the world as the drama of a day. Were men to do this, what breadth and generosity would it impart to them! It is in self-seeking and advancement that we narrow our faculties and imprison our natures. A man fancies he owns a palace and a demesne; but it is the palace that owns him, obliges him to maintain a certain state, live in a certain style, surrounded with certain observances, not one of which may be perhaps native to him. It is the poor man who comes to visit and gaze on his splendors who really enjoys them; *he* sees them without one detracting influence—not to say that in *his* heart are no corroding jealousies of some other rich man, who has a finer Claude or a grander Rubens. Instead, besides, of owning one palace and one garden, it is the universe he owns: the vast savanna is his race-ground; Niagara his own private cascade.

My heart bounded with these buoyant fancies, and I stepped out briskly on my road. Now that I had made this vow of poverty to myself, I felt very light-hearted and gay. So long as a man is struggling for place and pre-eminence in life, how can he be generous, how even gracious? Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, says the commandment; but surely it must have been your neighbor's before it was yours, and if you have striven for it, it is likely that you have coveted it. Now, I will covet nothing—positively nothing—and I will see if in this noble spirit there will not be a reward proportionately ample and splendid.

My road led through that wild and somewhat dreary valley by which the Upper Rhine descends, fed by many an Alpine stream and torrent, to reach the fertile plains of Germany. It was a desolate expanse of shingle, with here and there little patches of oak scrub, or, at rare intervals, small inclosures of tillage—though how tilled, or for whom, it was hard to say, since not a trace of inhabitant could be seen, far or wide. Deep fissures, the course of many a mountain-stream, cut the road at places, and through these the foot traveler had to pass on stepping-stones; while wheel carriages, descending into the chaos of rocks and stones, fared even worse, and incurred serious peril to spring and axle in the passage. On the mountain-sides, indeed, some châlets were to be seen, very high up and scarcely accessible, but ever surrounded with little tracts of greener verdure and more varied foliage. From these heights, too, I could hear the melodious ring of the bells worn by the cattle—sure signs of peasant comfort. "Might not a man find a life of simple cares and few sorrows up yonder?" asked I, as I gazed upward. While I continued to look the great floating clouds that soared on the mountain-tops began to mass and to mingle together, thickening and darkening at every moment, and then on, though overweighted, slowly to descend, shutting out châlet and shading copse and crag as they fell, on their way to the plain beneath. It was a grievous change from the bright picture a few moments back, and not the less disheartening that the heavily charged mist now melted into rain that soon fell in torrents. With not a rock nor a shrub to shelter under, I had nothing for it but to trudge onward to the nearest village, wherever that might be. How speedily the slightest touch of the real will chase away the fictitious and imaginary! No more dreams nor fancies now, as wet and soaked I plodded on, my knapsack seeming double its true weight, and my stick appearing to take root each time it struck the ground. The fog, too, was so dense that I was forced to feel my way as I went. The dull roar of the Rhine was the only sound for a long time; but this at length became broken by the crashing noise of timber carried down by the torrents, and the louder din of the torrents themselves as they came tumbling down the mountain. I would have retraced my steps to Bregenz, but that I knew the places I had passed dry-shod in the morning would by this time have become impassable rivers. My situation was a dreary one, and not without peril, since there was no saying when or where a mountain cataract might not burst its way down the cliffs and sweep clean across the road toward the Rhine.

Had there been one spot to offer shelter, even the poorest and meanest, I would gladly have taken it, and made up my mind to await better weather; but there was not a bank nor even a bush to cower under, and I was forced to trudge on. It seemed to me at last that I must have been walking many hours; but having no watch, and being surrounded with impenetrable fog, I could make no guess of the time, when at length a louder and deeper sound appeared to fill the air, and make the very mist vibrate with its din. The surging sound of a great volume of water, sweeping along through rocks and fallen trees, apprised me that I was nearing a torrent; while the road itself, covered with some inches of water, showed that the stream had already risen above its embankments. There was real danger in this; light carriages—the great lumbering diligence itself—had been known to be carried away by these suddenly swollen streams, and I began seriously to fear disaster. Wading cautiously onward I reached what I judged to be the edge of the torrent, and felt with my stick that the water was here borne madly onward, and at considerable depth. Though through the fog I could make out the opposite bank, and see that the stream was not a wide one, I plainly perceived that the current was far too powerful for me to breast without assistance, and that no single passenger could attempt it with safety. I may have stood half an hour thus, with the muddy stream surging over my ankles—for I was stunned and stupefied by the danger—when I thought I saw through the mist two gigantic figures looming through the fog on the opposite bank. When and how they had come there I knew not, if they were indeed there, and if these figures were not mere spectres of my imagination. It was not till having closed my eyes and opening them again I beheld the same objects that I could fully assure myself of their reality.

At last I made them out to be two horsemen, who seemed in search of some safe and fordable part of the stream to cross over. Their apparent caution was a lesson by which I determined to profit, and I stood a patient observer of their proceedings. At times I could catch their voices but without distinguishing what they said, and suddenly I heard a plunge and saw that one had dashed boldly into the flood, and was quickly followed by the other. If the stream did not reach to their knees as they sat, it was yet so powerful that it tested all the strength of the horses and all the skill of the riders to stem it; and as the water splashed and surged, and as the animals plunged and struggled, I scarcely knew whether they were fated to reach the bank or be carried down in the current. As they gained about the middle of the stream I saw that they were mounted gens d'armes, heavy men, with heavy eqnipments, favorable enough to stem the tide, but hopelessly incapable to save themselves if overturned. "Go back—hold in—go back! the water is far deeper here!" I cried out at the top of my voice; but either not hearing, or not heeding my warning, on they came, and as I spoke one plunged forward and went headlong down under the water, but, rising immediately, his horse struck boldly out and after a few struggles gained the bank. The other, more fortunate, had headed up the stream, and reached the shore without difficulty.

With the natural prompting of a man toward those who had just overcome a great peril I hastened to say how glad I felt at their safety, and from what intense fear their landing had rescued me; when one, a corporal, as his cuff bespoke, muttered a coarse exclamation of impatience, and something like a malediction on the service that exposed men to such hazards, and at the same instant the other dashed boldly up the bank, and with a bound placed his horse at my side, as though to cut off my retreat.

"Who are you?" cried the corporal to me, in a stern voice.

"A traveler," said I, trying to look majestically and indignant.

"So I see; and of what nation?"

"Of that nation which no man insults with impunity."

"Russia?"

"No; certainly not—England."

"Whence from last?"

"From Bregenz."

"And from Constance by Lindan?" asked he, quickly, as he read from a slip of paper he had just drawn from his belt.

I assented, but not without certain misgivings, as I saw so much was known as to my movements.

"Now for your passport. Let me see it," said the corporal again. "Just so," said he, folding it up; "traveling on foot, and marked 'suspected.'"

Though he muttered these words to his companion, I perceived that he cared very little for my having overheard them.

"Suspected of what, or by whom?" asked I, angrily.

Instead of paying any attention to my question the two men now conversed together in a low tone and confidentially.

"Come," said I, with an assumed boldness, "if you have quite done with that passport of mine, give it to me, and let me pursue my journey."

So eager were they in their own converse that this speech, too, was unheeded; and now, grown rasher by impunity and impatience, I stepped stoutly forward and attempted to take the passport from the soldier's hand.

"Sturm und Gewitter!" swore out the fellow, while he struck me sharply on the wrist, "do you mean to try force with us?" And the other drew his sabre, and flourishing it over his head, held the point of it within a few inches of my chest.

I can not imagine whence came the courage that now filled my heart, for I know I am not naturally brave, but I felt for an instant that I could have stormed a breach; and, with an insulting laugh, I said, "Oh, of course, cut me down. I am unarmed and defenseless. It is an admirable opportunity for the display of Austrian chivalry."

"Begin, Henker. It's very hard not to slice off his ear," said the soldier, seeming to ask leave for this act of valor.

"Get out your cords," said the corporal; "we're losing too much time here."

"Am I a prisoner, then?" asked I, in some trepidation.

"I suspect you are, and likely to be for some time to come," was the gruff answer.

"On what charge—what is alleged against me?" cried I, passionately.

"What has sent many a better-looking fellow to Spielberg," was the haughty rejoinder.

"If I *am* your prisoner," said I, haughtily—"and I warn you at once of your peril in daring to arrest a British subject traveling peacefully—You are not going to tie my hands? You are not going to treat me as a felon?" I screamed out these words in a voice of wildest passion, as the soldier, who had dismounted for the purpose, was now proceeding to tie my wrists together with a stout cord, and in a manner that displayed very little concern for the pain he occasioned me.

As escape was totally out of the question, I threw myself upon the last resource of the injured. I fell back upon eloquence. I really wish I could remember even faintly the outline of my discourse; for though not by any means a fluent German, the indignation that makes men poets converted me into a great master of prose, and I told them a vast number of curious, but not complimentary, traits of the land they belonged to. I gave, too, a rapid historical sketch of their campaigns against the French, showing how they were always beaten, the only novelty being whether they ran away or capitulated. I reminded them that the victory over *me* would resound through Europe, being the only successful achievement of their arms for the last half-century. I expressed a fervent hope that the corporal would be decorated with the "Maria Theresa," and his companion obtain the "valor medal," for what they had done. Pensions, I hinted, were difficult in the present state of their finances, but rank and honor certainly ought to await them. I don't know at what exact period of my peroration it was that I was literally "pulled up," each of the horsemen holding a line fastened to my wrists, and giving me a drag forward that nearly carried me off my feet and flat on my face. I stumbled, but recovered myself; and now saw that, bound as I was, with a gendarme on each side of me, it required all the activity I could muster to keep my legs.

Another whispered conversation now took place across me, and I thought I heard the words Bregenz and Feldkirch interchanged, giving me to surmise that they were discussing to which place they should repair. My faint hope of returning to the former town was, however, soon extinguished, as the corporal, turning to me, said, "Our orders are to bring you alive to head-quarters. We'll do our best; but if, in crossing these torrents, you prefer to be drowned, it's no fault of ours."

"Do you mean by that," cried I, "that I am to be dragged through the water in this fashion?"

"I mean that you are to come along as best you may."

"It is all worthy of you, quite worthy!" screamed I, in a voice of wildest rage. "You reserve all your bravery for those who can not resist you—and you are right, for they are your only successes. The Turks beat you"—here they chucked me close up, and dashed into the stream. "The Prussians beat you!" I was now up to my waist in water. "The Swiss beat you!" Down I went over head and ears. "The French always—thrashed you"—down again—"at Ulm—Auster—litz—Aspen"—nearly suffocated, I yelled out, "Wagram!"—and down I went, never to know any further consciousness till I felt myself lying on the soaked and muddy road, and heard a gruff voice saying, "Come along—we don't intend to pass the night here!"

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